# THE LIVING AGE

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## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### EUROPE UNDER ARMS

JEAN LONGUET contributes an ironical editorial to *Le Populaire*, summarizing the progress of disarmament under the League of Nations, on a basis of statistics recently presented to the House of Commons by the British Under-Secretary of War. At the present time there are actually under arms in Europe 3,000,000 men. France and its Allies have 2,300,000. Of those, France proper keeps more than 800,000 men under the colors; Poland, 600,000; Jugoslavia, 200,000; Czechoslovakia, 147,000; Roumania, 160,000. In addition, Belgium maintains an army of 105,000 on an active footing, and Greece, 250,000. On the other side, Germany's military burden has been lightened to maintaining 100,000 soldiers; Austria has 30,000; Bulgaria, 33,000; Hungary, 35,000. The last figure, Longuet comments, is certainly an under-statement, the true number of troops maintained by the Budapest government being nearer 150,000.

Italy, with a population equal to that of France, and twice as large as that of Poland, has wisely reduced its forces to 300,000; Spain maintains an army of 200,000; Holland has reduced its army to 21,000; Norway to 15,000; Sweden to 56,000. Switzerland maintains merely a militia of nominally 200,000.

Longuet says that these figures ought to be posted on the house walls and hoardings of every town and village in France.

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### JAPAN AT CONSTANTINOPLE

*Le Temps* commenting upon the appointment of Sadatsuchi Uchida, Japan's former Minister to Stockholm, as High Commissioner to Turkey, says that this post will soon be made an embassy. Japan proposes to conclude a treaty of commerce with Turkey in the near future. 'It desires to use this vantage point to keep a close eye on Russia, and it will probably be a champion of Turkish independence, in accordance with the rôle it is so rapidly assuming of the leading Asiatic power.' Japan is pursuing a policy which 'led it, if we are not mistaken, to conclude an agreement with the Emir of Afghanistan. Moreover, the Treaty of Sèvres allowed Japan a delegation with two votes on the Dardanelles Commission, like England, France, and Italy.' It will be remembered that the United States enjoys an identical right of two votes whenever it expresses a wish to share the duties and responsibilities of the

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Commission; and that similar rights will be granted to Russia when that country becomes a member of the League of Nations. Turkey, Greece, Roumania, and Bulgaria, have but one vote each.

'The High Commissioner may prove a valuable friend of Turkey. To be sure, nothing done at Constantinople will have much effect on Turkey's territorial sovereignty and independence. Those things depend on the outcome of the military campaign between the Nationalists of Angora and the troops of King Constantine. But if the Greeks should be finally defeated, diplomatic conversations and understandings shared in by Japan may be of great advantage to the Turks in exploiting their victory.'

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### CONDITIONS IN THE UKRAINE

A LEADER of the Ukrainian coöperatives, who reached Lemberg last March after a trip through his country, reports conditions there in the Ukraine *Slovo* as follows: At Kieff and in territories west of the Dnieper, the people are much dissatisfied with Bolshevist rule. A Bolshevist leader there recently said: 'This is a strange country. If you cut off one counter-revolutionary head three grow in its place.' Following the policy of the Tsars, the Moscow authorities employ the Ukrainian Communist leaders in distant missions. Some have been sent to duty in Siberia, and others to North Russia. The Ukrainian coöperatives have been nationalized, and the real leaders of these societies are living in concealment in the villages. There are few educated Ukrainians left at Kieff. All books in that language have disappeared. The Bolsheviki control the country for only thirty or forty miles around the city. The Ukrainian peasants still fancy that the Germans will eventually come and liberate them, probably recalling the fact that German troops kept the Bolsheviki out of the country in 1917 and 1918. This informant, who had traveled for several months through the different villages, found a group of armed insurgents in every hamlet. At one point he met six thousand well-equipped cavalry under the atman Terreschtschuk. All these leaders bear assumed names. Students and younger men of education are without exception anti-Bolshevist. Recently thirty of them — including several young girls — were shot by the Bolsheviki at Ekaterinoslav and the bodies thrown into the river.

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### A NEW NORWEGIAN LABOR LAW

LAST year a widespread strike in Norway resulted in new legislation for regulating industrial disputes. A bill has been adopted by both Houses of Parliament, applying to both private and government establishments employing fifty workers or more, which gives the employees a right to have Shop Councils, and regulates the procedure by which such Councils shall be elected, the term of office of their members, and their authority. Proprietors retain their present control over their works, but they are obliged to consult the Shop Councils before taking action relating to the following matters:

1. Important changes in the factory which involve changes in the methods of work.

2. Decisions affecting wage-standards, piece-work schedules, hours of work, over-time, the arrangement of work, and, in case operations have to be curtailed, dismissals and similar matters.

3. Factory rules and their amendment.

4. Organization and administration of welfare departments for the employees, of hospital funds, savings funds, tenement houses, and the like.

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While the employer is required by law to accept the advice of the Shop Councils upon these matters, it is not mandatory that he shall follow that advice unconditionally. The Councils have the right to initiate action regarding matters under the four heads mentioned. Members receive full pay for their time when engaged in Shop Council business during working hours. The law protects the members of the Councils and the employees from arbitrary dismissal.

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### CALM VIEWS ON YAP

ONE of the most widely read journals of Japan, *Jiji*, has recently published a notably objective and sane resumé of the Yap question, from which we quote the following:

'It need scarcely be said that the American claims, without disputing Japan's mandatory rule over Yap, are solely due to a desire to have an equal share in the use of the three cables radiating from the island. Yap is a tiny isle among the West Carolines, being not more than fifteen square *ri* (about seventy square miles) in area. From the economic point of view, it produces only a small quantity of cocoanuts and some marine products. The only port on the island is so small that vessels of more than ten tons experience considerable difficulty in getting in and out, while the sea outside the harbor is very deep and there are no facilities for anchorage. Not only is it unremunerative in this respect to undertake the rule of the island, but, from the strategic point of view, it is enveloped by other islands such as Parau and Angaur, and has no value as an independent base. In the circumstances, it is evident that America has no intention to take over the rule of this solitary reef. On the other hand, the cables radiating from the island are of considerable importance to the Pacific communications of America. Of the three lines, the Yap–Guam and Yap–Shanghai lines afford through communication between Guam and Manila. As a matter of fact, there is already a direct line between the two ports, but, if the two above lines can be used in addition to it, they may be linked with the Manila–Shanghai line so that double lines can be established between the two naval bases. Besides affording strategic advantages, this would also considerably facilitate commercial communication between Guam and Shanghai. This is perhaps the reason why America desires to have a share in the use of the Yap cables. Another consideration for America may be immunity from the censorship of other countries. This is not difficult to guess in the light of the statements made by the American delegates at the Communications Conference, or of American complaints regarding the severe censorship exercised by Great Britain and France over transatlantic messages. If so, the intention of America is clear and simple, and as she does not entertain any ulterior ambitions or designs, it will not necessarily be difficult to settle the trouble. If the question is calmly considered, apart from the past circumstances attending it, it will be seen that it is of a character which admits of amicable settlement by direct negotiation between Japan and America.'

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### CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S CLAIM TO DEMOCRACY

IN an important speech before the Czechoslovak parliament, Mr. Benes, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, thus characterized the difference between Czechoslovakia and Hungary: 'The Czechoslovak nation as constituted today issues from the farmers and working-classes. After the lapse of centuries, even the higher clergy are being appoint-

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ed from the common people. For the first time in history, the Catholic Slovaks have bishops selected from their own number. In a word, in our country the nobility, the higher clergy — so far as it does not spring from the common people — and the bureaucracy based on birth, have completely disappeared. They no longer are a factor in our public life. They never can, henceforth, play the part in our political affairs that they do in other countries. Our government is literally and actually in the hands of its common people and of the popular parties which control it. That is what constitutes the great difference between the Hungarians and ourselves.'

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THE ELMHURST STATUE INCIDENT

IN our issue of April 16 we printed editorially the substance of a story current in the French and German press regarding a statue of Jeanne d'Arc which the Sixtieth Regiment of the United States Infantry brought back to America, and which recently was placed in a church at Elmhurst, Long Island. The publication of this story has brought to our attention the circumstances under which the statue in question was given to the newly organized parish of St. Joan of Arc at Elmhurst, by the parish in France to which it originally belonged. The statue was presented in recognition of the services of an American chaplain, who took charge of the French parish, which was situated near the battle-line and was temporarily bereft of its regular priest for a period during the war. This chaplain is now in charge of the new parish on Long Island.

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MINOR NOTES

SIR JAMES WILSON recently read a paper before the Royal Statistical Society of England upon the world's wheat supply. Before the war, the world's total wheat crop was 107,000,000 metric tons of which more than one fifth was raised in Russia. The world's net imports amounted to 18,000,000 tons of which one third went to Great Britain, Russia was the largest exporter, shipping between four and five million tons annually.

The writer estimated that the current wheat crop of the world is more than equal to the demand and that exporting countries will have a surplus on next August 1. However, this surplus will not be large except in India and Russia, and should the weather prove unfavorable, prices may rise. Freights are likely to continue falling, and the price of wheat in importing countries will probably fall in sympathy.

JUGOSLAVIA is reported to be in better financial condition than most of its neighbors. Its national debt is about $600,000,000 gold, and the budget approximately balances. Per capita taxes are considerably less than one third what they are in Roumania, Czechoslovakia, and France. The wealth of the country is at present mainly agricultural. Grazing is an important industry. Several new factories have recently been opened, and it is interesting to note that some of these are financed wholly, or in part, with the capital of Russian refugees who managed to bring their wealth with them when they escaped from their own country.

BRITISH manufacturers are discussing the advisability of establishing branch works abroad, although opinion seems to incline against such a policy. The example of American manufacturers — especially the erection of works in Canada by firms south of the boundary — is cited in this debate. However, American enterprises are making such investments farther afield than this,

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notably in South America and the Orient. In fact, the practice goes back for several generations. Even before the Civil War American manufacturers were interested to some extent in Russian industries.

At its recent congress in Capetown, the Cape Federation of Labor Unions, which was welcomed by the Mayor and the Minister of Industry, voted in favor of joining the Third, or Moscow, International.

About the same time, however, the British Independent Labor party, at its Southport Conference, rejected the conditions laid down for affiliation by the Moscow International, by a vote of 521 to 97. The Independent Labor party is the more radical of the two larger British political labor groups, and is at present allied with the Centrist International recently formed at Vienna.

Mr. Sanji Muto, chairman of the famous Kanegefuchi Spinning Company of Japan, recently observed to a Tokyo correspondent of the *London Times*, speaking of the friction between his country and the United States: 'Both America and Japan are suffering from a surfeit of easily acquired war wealth.' Mr. Muto recently addressed a large gathering of Japan's business leaders in Osaka, which voted unanimously against the government's proposed expenditure on armaments.

Paraguay has been compelled to declare a moratorium. A run on the Banco Mercantil started the trouble. Other institutions at once became involved. Presumably the inability to meet local and foreign obligations which led to the moratorium was caused by the impossibility of paying for imported goods purchased at high prices, in view of the abrupt fall in the price of the raw material which Paraguay produces.

On January 29, there were still confined in Finnish prisons 1530 persons sentenced on account of political activities during or after the insurrection of 1918. However, pardons and the expirations of sentences have already diminished the number to 276. Most of the remainder will be freed under the pending amnesty this spring or summer, and the last will be liberated not later than 1924. It is reported that those still held are for the most part under sentence for common crimes as well as for political offences.

A document likely to be of interest to American economists, business men, and employers, is the exhaustive report of the Belgian commission sent to the United States in 1918 to investigate industrial conditions in this country. This report has now been published in two octavo volumes of 500 and 900 pages respectively, under the title *Le Travail Industriel aux États-Unis*, by the Belgian Ministry of Industry and Labor.

Tourists will discover at least one indication that traveling conditions are slowly returning to normal in Europe, in the appearance of a new edition of Baedeker's Guide for Spain and Portugal. The Spanish papers give the new volume complimentary reviews.

Sweden's iron industry is reported to be in a worse condition than at any time during the last hundred years, with no bright spot in the horizon. At the end of 1920, only 42 of the 132 blast furnaces in the country were in operation.

Columbia did an active and profitable business during the European war. The country's economic prosperity rests principally upon coffee. However, exports are becoming increasingly varied.

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Columbia is the only country except Russia which has workable platinum deposits and is now the world's principal source of supply. The exports of hides and bananas are also growing.

GERMAN statistics of foreign trade indicate that the country exported in 1920 one eighth the quantity of iron ware which it did in 1913, one seventh the quantity of textiles, and one seventh the quantity of boots and shoes. Some figures are better. The quantity of machinery exported, by weight, was seventy per cent of the amount in 1913, while the foreign shipments of vehicles and salt actually increased over the prewar amount.

WE are indebted to *L'Opinion* for the following paragraph: 'Nicaragua wants to resign from the League of Nations. It finds its quota of 200 pounds sterling a month more than it can afford. Nicaragua already owes the League of Nations 9600 francs in back assessments. Shall we impose sanctions?'

AT a recent meeting of the German Chemists' Society the principal sensation was the presentation of papers upon the compounds of boron and silicon which are the closest neighbors of carbon in the chemical series. Some 200,000 natural or artificial carbon compounds are now known. Hitherto, the number of boron and silicon compounds has been comparatively limited. Recently, however, Professor Alfred Stock of Berlin University, has succeeded in producing a great number of new silicon and boron combinations. These compounds show an extraordinary affinity for oxygen and hydrogen, and therefore are produced in a vacuum. The scientific interest in these discoveries lies in the remarkable similarity which the two elements mentioned exhibit to carbon in compounding with other elements. 'It is not a mere accident that boron and silicon are next-door neighbors to carbon in the periodical system. . . . The chemical character of carbon is different in degree but not in kind from that of the other elements.'

RUMORS have been current in the anti-French press abroad — whether German, Italian, British, or neutral — to the effect that the pressure to occupy the Ruhr was due to the desire of a group of French industrialists to get coal to supply their newly acquired metallurgical works in France. Doubtless such a motive exists — as would be perfectly natural in the case of any country. It is estimated that with the reconstruction of the northern steel plants of France and the new plants acquired in Lorraine and the Saar area, the country's steel output will be more than doubled, or will reach ten or twelve million tons compared with about five million tons before the war. Probably France will take equal rank with Great Britain and Germany as a steel-exporting country. This does not mean, however, a net increase in the steel output of Europe, but merely a change of the governments under which steel is produced.

CAILLAUX, who is again at liberty after his short imprisonment on the charge of having communicated with the enemy during the war, appears to be receiving respectful attention at certain public meetings which he has recently addressed in France, and to retain the support of his still powerful Radical followers.

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# THE SPIRIT OF 1914

## BY HELLMUT VON GERLACH

[*The author is a leading German Social Democratic press writer and pacifist, whose public advocacy of trying the Kaiser and criticism of the Junkers resulted last year in his being seriously assaulted by discharged soldiers at a public meeting in Berlin.*]

From *La Revue de Genève, April*
(Eclectic Literary and Political Monthly)

In July, 1914, I was stopping with my family at the sea baths of Saint-Lunaire, in Brittany. Our acquaintances at this resort were mostly French and English — among them several army officers. Apparently the situation was not regarded alarming in either England or France, for no one of these officers had been called home.

The Vienna ultimatum exploded like a bomb in our little circle of peaceful rest-seekers. From that moment we had but one topic of conversation. Will there be a world war? To my surprise both the French and English newspapers, which were the only ones we saw, went out of their way, in spite of the provoking tone of the ultimatum, to reassure their readers.

The country people of Brittany were in a terrible state of excitement and anguish. One poor old peasant woman asked me, her eyes filled with tears: 'Sir, do you think a war is really possible? Such a thing ought not to be permitted among civilized people. It is too horrible, and besides everyone will suffer so.' Cultivated foreigners seemed less disturbed. They trusted to the world's common sense. Englishmen often quoted Norman Angell's, *Great Illusion.* They were sure that England would have nothing to do with any war,— 'unless,' they would always add, 'Belgian neutrality should be violated.' The French placed great trust in the Kaiser, a confidence based largely on his pacifist speeches. No one supposed for a moment that Germany had any share in the ultimatum delivered by Austria, or approved it.

Personally, I took the situation more seriously, and immediately wrote a letter to my newspaper (*Vorwärts*) deploring the fact that I was not at my desk to add my voice to the universal condemnation which Austria's insolence merited. I expressed my perfect faith that the editorial staff of the paper, as well as the other radical German papers, would oppose Vienna's aggressive policies to the last ditch.

My confidence received a rude shock right after I posted this communication, when I received a letter from Germany, written by a radical leader, who expressed unbounded approval of the ultimatum, and of the instantaneous enthusiastic response it had awakened at Berlin. 'That is straight out from the shoulder for you!' he wrote with admiration.

I was induced by the extremely moderate tone which continued to prevail in even the most chauvinist French newspapers and the most jingo English newspapers, to begin a trip which I had previously planned to make to Ireland, for the purpose of studying conditions there. On July 28, I left Saint-Malo for



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London, where I joined friends who had just come from Germany. After talking over the situation, we thought it too risky to leave for Ireland until things had cleared up, and decided to wait meanwhile at London.

During the 28th and 29th of July the tone of the English press seemed to us quite reassuring. We noted with particular satisfaction that the newspapers which were regarded as the most hostile to Germany were exceedingly moderate. Even the *Daily Mail* preserved this attitude. The radical wing of the Liberal Party had started a campaign in favor of peace.

On July 30, we visited the House of Commons and talked with several members. My conversation with Joseph King, who was then a Radical Liberal member, though in fact belonging to the Labor Party, left an indelible impression on my memory. Mr. King had devoted himself especially to foreign questions, and had always been a conscientious pacifist. He affirmed that even if a great war should break out on the continent, England would refuse to become involved. He said: 'We have a sure pacifist majority in the House of Commons, composed of Liberals and the Laborists. Even were certain members of the Cabinet in favor of war, they could not get a Parliamentary majority to endorse them.' King then hesitated a moment, and added, with a serious countenance: 'It is true that there is one thing which would force England to intervene; that is if Germany were to violate the neutrality of Belgium. England could not allow Antwerp to fall into Germany's hands. I myself, though a conscientious pacifist, might in that case vote in favor of war. But the German government will not be so mad as to challenge the entire world.'

On July 31, after reading the morning paper, my friend and I decided to leave England that evening. The situation seemed to us threatening. I telegraphed to my wife, who had remained at Saint-Lunaire, to leave at once and join me at Brussels. To my consternation she wired back that she intended to stay there, and that she considered my nervousness uncalled for. Later, she explained to me that this state of mind was due to information which her English friends had given her on July 31, and to their steadfast refusal to believe that war was imminent.

I left for Brussels, determined as soon as I got there to insist that my wife leave France, but the telegram I filed on my arrival was never sent to her.

On August 1 terrible anxiety reigned at Brussels. From early dawn until falling dusk mobilized soldiers were constantly passing through the city. The news that Germany had demanded authority from Luxemburg to march her forces through the Grand Duchy alarmed the Belgians, who scented danger for their own neutrality. A popular newspaper, *Petit Bleu*, printed an article headed, 'Shame upon Barbarism! Long live France!' The government ordered it at once suppressed. The clerical press, which was in sympathy with Austria, adopted an outright pro-German attitude. Liberal newspapers were neutral, though obviously they sympathized with France beneath the surface.

On August 2 public excitement was somewhat allayed. Nothing new had happened, and hope of preserving peace revived. I spent the afternoon and evening at the German Club, where all my fellow countrymen of social and political standing in Brussels seemed to have gathered. They were in a fever of excitement and were constantly coming and going. Next to the supreme question of the war itself, was the question of Belgium's neutrality. Some doubted whether that neutrality would be respected: others were perfectly confident

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that it was safe. The sentiment of our party changed with every new report. We calmed down somewhat when news reached us from our own embassy that Germany had not declared war against Russia. We were disquieted again, however, on learning that the French embassy had given absolute assurance that Belgium's neutrality would be respected, while the German ambassador at London had expressed himself in evasive terms on that point. Suddenly a gentleman entered and reported: 'They will not violate Belgium's neutrality. I have just come from the Embassy and every one there is calm and reassured.' A German manufacturer exclaimed with a sigh of relief: 'Thank God! I never did think Germany was so mad as to gratuitously bring on its back an army of two hundred thousand men. The mobilization has succeeded better than anticipated. Twenty-eight workmen in my factory received mobilization orders Friday night, and bright and early Saturday morning they were already under arms. Haven't you noticed the business-like look of the troops who have marched through the city? The facts have surely reached Berlin. It's a mighty good thing that they are talking sensibly at the Embassy!'

On receipt of these optimistic reports a number of young men ordered champagne.

Soon after six o'clock, on the morning of August 3, I was aroused by a great noise in the street. Rushing to the window I saw them selling extra newspapers. I dressed hurriedly and bought one. It contained the German ultimatum to Belgium, and its rejection by the Belgian government.

That meant war! The streets were packed by the dense crowd. I mingled with them. People were extremely exasperated against Germany. Little groups had gathered on every side around men delivering political harangues. One man unrolled a map of Europe in front of his listeners, and shouted: 'Germany should be wiped off the map! We'll die rather than become Prussians. If we cannot fight them in the open field we'll shoot them from behind the hedges!' His listeners applauded him with tremendous enthusiasm. However, I did not see the slightest exhibition of war spirit. Everywhere people were sad, but resolute.

I saw that I must leave at once if I was to get out of Belgium. At the hotel they showed me every courtesy in facilitating my departure. My first but not my least difficulty was in regard to silver money. It seemed suddenly to have vanished, and nothing but paper was in circulation. In spite of that I soon found myself aboard a train bound for Holland. At the frontier all were ordered to get out, and we crossed the border on foot.

I ran into a group of young Germans returning from England when I boarded the train on the Holland side. They were evidently flushed with the war spirit and sang patriotic songs.

I reached German soil at the frontier station of Goch. From there we traveled very slowly and with frequent stops. I had to take military trains, which permitted me aboard only because I had just returned from abroad. Every train we passed was packed with soldiers. The cars were covered with chalk mottoes, expressing more or less philosophical sentiments such as the following:

Jeder Schuss ein Russ,
Jeder Stoss ein Franzos.

(For every shot a Russky, for every thrust a Frenchy!) or:

Serbien muss sterben.
(Serbia must die!)

It was a rather odd fact that, although the Jews were mobilized like

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the rest, anti-Semite inscriptions were common:

Alle Schnapsjuden an den Galgen.
(To the gallows with the dirty Jews!)

At Goch, where our first long stop occurred, several employees were seated in the station waiting-room. They were drinking beer freely and settling the terms of peace we were to impose: 'Germany takes Belgium and the Baltic provinces; Serbia will disappear from the map; France will pay thirty billions!'

Later I found myself caught in a tremendous crowd in front of the railway station at Wesel. Ambiguous characters resembling the *apaches* of Montmartre were edging their way through the multitude. They kept admonishing: 'Spies everywhere! Keep your eyes open! Be ready with the noose! . . . Better hang a few too many than one too few!'

All of a sudden the crowd began to cheer. Somebody reported that eighteen thousand Frenchmen had been captured. A soldier shouted: 'Eighteen thousand prisoners. That's nothing! What we want are dead ones!' Then another employee stepped up and said that was a mistake; the telegram had made one cipher too many.

At Oberhausen, where we stopped for some time, I fell into conversation with a sentry who was pacing up and down the station platform. I asked him why they had posted him there. He replied: 'To look out for spies. Numbers get off every train. Many of them are women.' I asked him what they did with them. 'Generally they let them loose because unluckily we don't have sufficient evidence.' I asked him how he could recognize a spy. He replied, without a moment's hesitation: 'They have wild eyes and a gloomy look!'

My journey home was forcibly interrupted at Gutersloh. During our stop of an hour at this point, I had noticed an old gentleman in a black suit and white necktie on the station platform, who was constantly swelling up with a majestic air and parading back and forth with self-importance. I hadn't the slightest idea of his business, and it was not until later that I learned he was a high school principal, appointed temporarily to watch the station. I heard the old man dress down a young fellow, telling him: 'When I speak to you, take your hands out of your pockets!' Naturally, I laughed. The schoolteacher saw me and summoned the station chief. 'That individual has mocked at my orders.' 'I place you under arrest,' said the station chief. They were about to lead me away, when the soldiers who had been my traveling companions on the train, and become good friends with me, protested: 'It's just such d——d foolishness as this that will ruin the morale of the country!' The gendarmes let me go in affright.

At Minden a captain entered the train. In civil life he was head forester of the imperial hunting reserves at Rominten. He told us that after a long journey from East Prussia to Minden he was feeling rather thirsty, and asked his hostess for a glass of water. The water was warm, and he asked how that happened. The good woman replied: 'We boil every bit of water that we use, because they found out that the French had poisoned the aqueduct.' He also wanted to take a bath. But the bath house was locked and a sentry was placed before the door. When he inquired why this was, the soldier replied: 'There are too many spies sneaking around here!'

We reached Hanover at night. Thousands of people, in an indescribable state of excitement, were gathered in front of the railway station. It was reported that French aviators had ap-

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peared and had been shot at. A few minutes later the police posted a notice, to the effect that the assumed aviators had been proved to be nothing but clouds, and asking the people not to shoot recklessly. An officer of Uhlans was just leaving the station. Suddenly he received a sharp blow on the head and his cap flew into the air. He turned as pale as a sheet. A kick precipitated him to the earth and the mob started to hammer him. Just then an officer arrived, helped him up, and took him away to a safe place. I asked the man who had knocked off the officer's cap why he did so. 'Because I thought he was a spy; he has a brown complexion, and took so much time sorting his papers. There are a number of spies down here disguised as officers.'

Late in the evening — this was the night between the 4th and 5th of August — newspaper extras announced that England had declared war. An elegantly gowned woman next to me turned pale and murmured when she read it: 'My God! We're lost. England has never yet been conquered!'

During all the way from Hanover to Berlin, the only topics of conversation in our compartment were spy exploits and enemy atrocities. Every new rumor was more exaggerated and intimidating than the last. Some told of poisoned springs, others of poisoned flour; still others of cholera bacteria scattered through the country. In every case the perpetrators of these crimes were Frenchmen. The only incident in which the Russians were alleged to feature was the story of carrying eighty million roubles of gold by automobile from Stuttgart to Berlin. At Stendhal a peasant woman, apparently of some means, entered our compartment. She swore that she had seen two bombs taken from the corsages of two French women at the railway station the previous evening. When I asked her just how large the bombs were, she corrected herself, saying that she had not personally witnessed the incident, but a friend of hers had. However, she assured us that the lady was worthy of perfect confidence.

As soon as I got back to Berlin I hastened to hunt up my political friends and associates. They were all pacifists and dyed-in-the-wool democrats; men imbued with the idea that one of the greatest virtues of democracy was the distrust it taught men to cherish for the age-old deceptions and lies of privileged governments. Faithful to this principle, they had hitherto invariably received every statement made by their Junker opponents with the profoundest skepticism.

I now found these men crazy with war enthusiasm, and filled with perfectly childlike faith in the authorities. They believed the fiction that Germany had been attacked, the fiction that the land teemed with spies disguised as officers and nurses, the fiction that automobiles loaded with Russian roubles were skipping about the country, the fiction that French aviators had bombed Nuremberg. They credited absolutely everything that the Wolf Agency told them. I was simply speechless with astonishment.

I had just returned from abroad; yet I knew all that had happened on both sides. I could testify from my direct knowledge that England, France, and Belgium, honestly wanted peace, and that there was not the slightest enthusiasm for war in any one of these countries. I was both affrighted and indignant at the intensity of hatred and the absence of critical common sense which I encountered all about me. My own conscience was clear of any wish for war, and I was depressed by fear lest right would be not on the side of my country in the coming struggle.

I said just what I thought to the

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friends who had been the companions of my heart and head up to July 1914. But in August 1914 they stood like a single man against me, some unable to understand, others bitter in their condemnation. Some were so angry, that I felt that I risked being charged with high treason when I expressed my honest views to them. Indeed, men who kept their heads in August 1914 were in constant danger of being sent to prison. The appalling truth was borne in upon me then and there, that a German pacifist, who intended to stick to his creed throughout the war, had a most cruel road ahead to travel.

# THIRTY MONTHS LATER

## BY PAUL BLOCK

*[The Paris correspondent of the Berliner Tageblatt has just completed a trip of several hundred miles through the devastated region of Northern France. An account of what he saw is given in the following article.]*

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It has been repeatedly impressed upon me in conversation with Frenchmen, that the reconstruction of the districts ruined by the war will be the first and most important step toward an eventual reconciliation with Germany. When this work is once well under way, it will then be time to take up other things. The German government and the German people also honestly wish to help to the best of their ability in this task. What is the obstacle which holds it back?

I have recently had an opportunity to see Champagne and Verdun as they look to-day. Painful as it is for a German to travel through this land of misery and heroism, where uncounted German youths and men laid down their lives for their country, I decided to make the journey because I wanted to know the truth. For truth alone will restore mutual understanding between the nations. I will try to put down exactly what I saw.

The railway station at Rheims, which has received the most essential repairs, does not look so bad, and automobiles pack the great square in front of its main entrance. Rheims still continues to be a tourist town. Formerly people came here to see the cathedral; now they come to view the ruins.

Visitors do not need to hunt long for them; they begin a hundred steps from the side entrance. Whole street fronts have been leveled to the ground by the bombardment. The grotesquely deformed skeletons of former magnificent buildings peer uncannily at you from every hand. At one place a single lofty wall remains standing, with ragged fragments of the former floors projecting from one side. Other buildings have been rent asunder from roof to basement by bombs, and now are mere

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heaps of ruins, among which we catch a glimpse of scraps of carpet, water pipes, marble mantels, all adding their touch of human interest and tragedy to the picture.

Then come the ruins of factories,—long rooms through whose shattered roofs the sunshine falls on wrecked machinery. A gigantic flywheel has been broken oddly into exact halves, which lie stretched out like a great fox-trap, set to catch some antediluvian monster. As far as we can see are gaping walls, fire-blackened walls, crumbling walls.

I sought a nearer view of one of these desolate places. We climbed through a fissure into a courtyard which was now filled by a mound of fallen masonry and iron. We balanced ourselves precariously on the *débris* until we reached a ruined window. My companions and I assisted each other to a higher point in order to get a view farther down the interior. It was hardly worth the trouble. Beyond we saw nothing but long rows of crushed and shattered looms.

I said to the guide: 'To whom did this factory belong?' —'Holden, clothmaker.' — 'The name sounds German.' — 'He employed German operatives.'

We are still in the suburbs, and now direct our steps toward the centre of the city. There are many odd contrasts. Some of the streets are relatively intact, others, in utter ruins, showing how capriciously war wreaked its cruel wrath. The City Hall has been burned; the *Place Royale* is a broken ornament whose rim of façades stands gaunt and empty like the exposed scenery of a theatre. Only the outer walls of the theatre itself are standing. St. Andrew's Church has been wrecked. The centre nave and one of the side naves of the old Church of Saint-Remy have been unroofed. The pillars are broken, the windows shattered into a thousand pieces. Only the left nave remains intact and this has been sufficiently repaired for divine service. The faithful kneel here and pray to the Virgin to save them from future wars, while the birds are nesting in the breaches of the shattered vaulting above.

And the great masterpiece of Robert de Couchy — the cathedral? It has been cruelly mutilated. But it still stands, in all its majesty, lifting its two white towers toward heaven. The wonderful portal front with its three arched Gothic doorways, still stands, though its rich sculpturing has been sadly mutilated. However, the fragments have been gathered up and it will be possible to restore this damage. The interior is empty. The pillars and walls exhibit everywhere the traces of fire and bombardment. But here, in contrast with Saint-Remy, the vaulting of the roof remains intact. Although it will require much money, and even more art, to restore this sanctuary to its old magnificence, there is yet hope that it can be done.

The residents of Rheims, in spite of their obvious privations, have not lost hope. Everywhere, in the wasted streets, in little wooden cabins, in every half-habitable nook and corner of the ruin, there are evidences of reviving life, — tiny booths, picture shops, cake-stands, meat-stalls. Before the war the city had more than one hundred thousand residents. It is now three-fourths that number. Its large manufactories are for the time paralyzed. How are the people to make a living? The citizens of Rheims have already solved part of that problem in their little market booths, not waiting for outside aid, but courageously setting to work to rebuild their fortunes by their own hands.

A few kilometers beyond Rheims, and we are in the middle of the battle-field area. To all appearances men might have been fighting here only a few days ago. Fort La Pompelle stands

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beside the old Roman highway not far from the city. Frenchmen tell you with pride that it was not captured once during the war. If that is true, and I am not in a position to dispute it, the garrison must have fought with unexampled heroism; for the fortress with its crushed walls and half-leveled trenches, does not look like a well-protected point. In every direction, over hill and over dale, you still observe the horrible evidences of the struggle which swept back and forth across this region. The fields are crisscrossed with trenches, cumbered with broken props of woodwork and with endless heaps and clusters of rusty barbed wire. As far as the eye can reach the picture is the same. Trenches, barbed wire, shell holes filled with stagnant water, shell holes and trenches again, clear to the distant horizon. Close by the highway a tank stands mired in a trench. Its history has been painted on one side. It was built in an English workshop, captured by the Germans, and finally recaptured by the French. It was under fire many times. Now it stands solitary amongst the ruins, a useless, dead, steel monster.

Our auto stops. The guide springs out and says: 'Mont Cornillet.'

During the bright spring days of the bloody year of 1917 fighting raged most fiercely at this point. Attack and counter-attack followed each other incessantly. Night and day the roar of the bombardment never ceased. Our guide hardly needs to tell us this; a man can see it for himself. The war stuck its claws indelibly into this land. The fields and the hills have been torn up by shells until the ground looks like a petrified ocean. The beach lines of this sea of slaughter are marked by windrows of broken barbed wire. It is a difficult struggle through the wreckage. We have to climb, jump, and crawl; the white mud of the chalky earth pulls us back at every step. Finally, however, we reach the highest point and gaze about as over a lunar landscape. It is an awesome sight — a shell-shocked solitude!

I think of the thousands of brave young men who lost their lives here. Why? What for? My heart sinks at the thought.

My French guide says: 'Your people fought brilliantly here. I know the Gemans. They were very brave.'

He had noted my emotion and wanted to say something kind. I thanked him, but still the thought keeps running in my mind. Why? What for?

We go on through the ruins of villages, along caved-in trenches, between cemeteries. Names constantly recur familiar in the old battle reports: Nauroy, Moronvilliers, Auberive, Suippes, Perthes-les-Hurlus. Here and there people have begun to repair the wrecked buildings. Two or three men are seen laboring amongst the burned *débris*. Little parties of soldiers are exploring the field for unexploded shells.

Finally, when dusk is already approaching, our auto stops at a cross-road. There is nothing remarkable to see here, merely old trenches and the earth ploughed up by shot and shell. I look inquiringly at the guide. He is still a young man, a war cripple, who stumps about valiantly on a wooden leg. He stands thoughtfully for a moment, then raises his cane and points to the devastation about him.

'*C'est Tahure,*' he says.

So here lay the village of Tahure for which there was such savage fighting. Nothing whatever is left of the town itself. The one hundred and eighty homes which stood here have been reduced to dust, like the one hundred thousand soldiers, French and German, who lie buried under it. Unnumbered of them are nameless. An iron cross stands in a neighboring field bearing the inscription: *Aux morts connus et inconnus.* It

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is to commemorate those who died here, Germans and French. Why? What for?

We continue through the deepening dusk past a sea of graves. On both sides of the road lie cemeteries, — German cemeteries, French cemeteries, and mixed cemeteries; for even cemeteries can be mixed! Some are already fenced off, others are still in process of construction. It is infinitely depressing, this landscape of endless graves, with the darkness of night gradually drawing its pitying veil across them. Not a living person, not a cow, a horse, or a building — just graves, memories, and croaking ravens.

Then we reach Massiges, and beyond Somme-Tourbe, which was burned twice during the war. An hour later we reach Saint-Ménehould, passing through Valmy, which is also mostly in ruins. The war has no respect for history! But it was so dark that I can tell you little of these places. So here we are at Saint-Ménehould, a town long famous for pigs'-feet and truffles. In an old inn, which reminds us of Dumas's *Three Musketeers*, a cheerful fire is burning in the grate. It is very pleasant after our cold journey through the land of death. I dream of my home, and have visions of the time when peace will come again; real peace. But my reflections are interrupted by a man conversing near me:

'The people in this *arrondissement* are so poor that they can't even buy turnips for food. They have no petroleum, and most of them have to go to bed at sunset. They have no coal, no wood, no money. Many of them are sick. Their fields will not produce again for ten years to come. War is a damnable thing.'

'Yes indeed, war is an accursed thing,' I agree in my heart.

And I recall that lunar landscape which I saw from Mont Cornillet and the endless rows of graves between Tahure and Massiges.

. . . . . .

The next morning the sun was shining brightly, and for a moment one could forget that we were traveling through a region ravaged by the pestilence of war. Our road continued upwards through a wooded mountain country, with pleasant glimpses into pretty valleys here and there. We saw again what we had looked for in vain all the previous day — occasional tilled fields. At this point the French dug in. One can still see in yonder cañon the traces of their underground quarters. In one mountain there are four stories of these, one above the other. We first visited the cemetery *La Harazée*, for French soldiers. Then we traveled a short distance back through *four de Paris* on the way toward Varennes. Here the landscape gradually changed.

On a mountain plateau known as *La Fille Morte*, we halted at a German cemetery. It is not large, but well kept. In the centre is a simple monument around which are grouped the graves with their crosses. Some are decorated with flowers. Who performed this pious service here in the land of the enemy?

A few kilometers beyond lies a great park, in which a dugout is said to have been made for the Crown Prince. We drove through yellow leaves and distorted trees over a narrow plank road to the back of a garden. Here were trenches, protected by painted foliage from the sharp eyes of airmen, and a number of underground retreats with masonry walls, defended by barbed wire and felled trees. At last we reached a peculiar underground dwelling in the hills, which may quite well have been the quarters of some Crown Prince. The plastered walls were beautifully decorated, and electric lights had been installed in a large room which was



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heated from without. An underground kitchen and cellar adjoined. We even found a Moselle wine bottle, but it was empty. On the side walls of the entrance American soldiers or American tourists had scribbled their names

Soon after leaving this subterranean casino we came upon sights of a different kind. Annamite soldiers, wrapped in cloaks and shivering with cold, were searching on both sides of the mountain highway for unexploded shells. Two ranges of hills lie parallel to each other here, and the yawning entrances to cave dwellings gape everywhere among the trees. A moment later we dip down into the valley, and every trace of peace has vanished. We are passing through the first ruined village of this Department. To be sure some beginning at reconstruction is visible, but how pitifully futile! A few little wooden cabins have been erected. The best of these is used as a stopping-place for tourists. The guide relates in a matter-of-fact way that of the one hundred and thirty-one villages which he covers in his trip, some eighty have been utterly destroyed. This part of the journey, from Clermont-en-Argonne to Boureuilles, has all been wrecked by the war, but the worst came after we reached Varennes. From there to Verdun it is a desert — over which the horsemen of the Apocalypse have swept. At only one point is there any evidence of restoration, and this has become one of the sights of the region. I mean the American cemetery at Romagne below Montfaucon. Whenever the Americans take anything up they do it in a wholesale way. Although we had come solely to see ruins, we could not pass this cemetery without a visit. It is the only one of its kind.

On a gently rising hill purchased outright for this purpose, are buried the 21,400 Americans who fell during the fighting around Montfaucon. Some kilometers before we reached this point we noted little white signboards along the road directing us to this gigantic graveyard; for many of the relatives of the fallen cross the sea in order to visit the last resting-place of those dear to them. But when you come within half a mile of the point you need no further guidance. An apparently limitless field of white suddenly greets the vision in the distance. This is the effect of the 21,400 tombstones of equal size shining in the sunlight. There are crosses for Protestants and Catholics, and stars for Jews, ranged closely side by side, at the heads of 21,400 uniform, well-kept graves. They all lie there, the officers in the middle. A great star of foliage plants separates the world of the dead from the world of the living. High above the graves flutters the Stars and Stripes. Sad indeed as is the thought that a whole army of vigorous young boys here slumber in death, this cemetery has nothing gloomy about it. It is a bright and cheerful burial place.

And the army of the dead has its commander. An American officer and his staff reside in the group of tidy houses opposite the entrance, to guard the resting-place of their dead countrymen. One of them came forward and greeted us, a cheerful young man with a wholesome ruddy countenance. What had induced him to exile himself here in this solitude? High pay? A sense of duty? Love for France? The last suggestion is not very plausible, for he does not know a single word of French. In any case, his nerves must be sound, else he could not live here day after day, hour after hour, guarding these 21,400 graves, without going mad.

A little way beyond this American cemetery is the place where the host which lives there was sent to its death, the hill of Montfaucon. Little now remains of the place which formerly crowned the summit of the hill. From

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that point the view sweeps over the mighty battlefield of Verdun, and whatever lies between the two has been entirely destroyed. Haucourt, Malancourt, Chattancourt, Avocourt, the Dead Man — every name to-day the symbol of death and devastation. It was from Montfaucon that our generals directed the attack against Verdun, which cost such frightful sacrifices. The house is still standing in which the Crown Prince is said to have had his observatory. At least the Americans, when they captured Montfaucon, placed a sign over the door: 'Crown Prince's Observatory,' and inside, where a thick concrete wall protected the lower story from unpleasant surprises, a French inscription has been placed: *L'abri du Kronprinz.*

We ascended to the lookout platform and surveyed the desolated landscape about us. In the far distance a thin line glittered, — the Meuse. On the left that crater of horror, the 'Dead Man,' lay wrapped in mist. Stretching down from that elevation and across the plain beyond, our gaze caught stumps and clumps of trees with extended crippled boughs and branches, the skeletons and ghosts of a former forest. Yes indeed, the artillery was a devil's gardener here. As in the fields of Champagne, not a living thing was visible. We passed merely a couple of opened graves on the declivity as we descended toward the valley beyond.

A few hours later, after passing the battlefield of Verdun, we came to a counterpiece to the gigantic graveyard — the Bayonet Trench. At this point, in 1916, a detachment of French infantry fell to the last man because they were cut off and had orders not to surrender. An American from Buffalo, George Rand, has built a peculiar and remarkable monument to these dead.

Along the trench where the fallen soldiers now lie, at the very point where they died, arms in hand, a Cyclopean wall of sandstone has been built, ending in a great cross-like structure. A narrow path resembling a trench leads to this cross from the highway toward Fort Douaumont. From the cross one has a view over the tragic battlefield below, where Germans and French fought and showed no mercy. Here as everywhere else is a land of death, and here again the question intrudes itself constantly and relentlessly: Why? What for?

Below us, cut off for a moment by a bend in the road, lies the immediate answer to these questions: Verdun. The Germans drove forward to capture that stronghold, the French tried to preserve it. They kept it. But are they any happier for that? The savage desert which cuts across that country still persistently asks: Why? What for?

We continue the descent between Douaumont and Vaux — two names replete with memories! — to Verdun. We pass through the dark fortress gates into streets wrecked by the bombardment, but still inhabited. Even the hotel *Coq Hardi* — a true French name — was badly damaged, but it is again doing a lively business, mostly on tourist patronage. This is where our trip was to end. But after tarrying an hour in the fortress city I decided to make an excursion to Saint-Mihiel, where *Fort Les Paroches* is situated.

On this side of the Meuse there are not many damaged houses. A few roofs have fallen in, a few gaping walls are passed. Still we were constantly in view of reminders of the war. We met an automobile bearing a brown draped coffin. At the side sat an officer and a woman in mourning. A family taking its dead from the soldiers' cemetery to be buried at home. We also saw a beautiful castle which had suffered no damage whatever, and for that very reason, is a standing memorial of the

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war. It belonged to Deputy Charles Humbert, who was associated with Bolo Pasha in the attempt to buy the Paris *Journal*, and whose property, his enemies claim, was spared by our forces in return for his pro-German propaganda. A little farther, and near Sampigny, we saw another more modest property, which had been struck by shell but already had been completely repaired. It is called *Le Clos*, and is noted on account of its owner, Raymond Poincaré. Naturally the report goes that this summer home was bombarded merely because Poincaré was not in league with the Germans. However, since he has a lucky star, the shell did not do much damage.

We ended our trip at Bar-le-Duc. We had journeyed through half of two Departments, a distance of three hundred kilometers.

One of my companions remarked to me: 'You've now seen things with your own eyes. What have you got to say?'

I will put down my answer here. No doubt exists as to the fact that France suffered frightfully in the war. What I saw was only a fifth of the ruined territory. All the Departments of the North are equally devastated, some of them even worse than those I visited. Altogether ten Departments have suffered.

However, no responsible man in Germany has ever denied these facts. And although in earlier wars German territories were frequently ravaged by the French in the same way, without anyone repairing the damage for us, it is nevertheless our duty to make good these injuries to the utmost of our ability. This is a duty we do not propose to shirk. The 'necessity of war' urged in extenuation of so much brutal destruction, was utterly condemned even during the war by many people in Germany. That is a fact the French often forget. But we are ready to repair what we have ruined.

I have inquired what things are most urgently needed. The mere computation of damages must be made by experts. From answers to my questions, I have made up the following list: coal, wood, window-glass, cheap furniture, storehouses for crops, roofing-tile, agricultural machinery, electrical machinery, looms, and tools of every sort. A growing proportion of the people are saying that German workers might be sent to France, but of course 'under certain conditions.' The main objection is naturally that the French don't want German colonists in their country. Yet, it is perfectly evident that France has neither the men nor the material to carry out such a tremendous job as faces her here, especially while she is maintaining an army of occupation in Germany. Therefore, we have got to come to some mutual arrangement. There is work here for a great number of Germans. Quite apart from the question of wages it would be a moral lesson for them to be sent here. In any case, a beginning must be made.

First of all, however, a tremendous obstacle has to be removed, and here the French can do more than the Germans. This obstacle is the bitter distrust which each nation has for the other. It makes no difference — to begin with ourselves — that many Germans persist in refusing to see that the French are actually to-day enduring a perfect inferno of misery. The illusion that France is in a brilliant condition, which has taken complete possession of so many Germans, is to be explained by the empty vaunting of a few French newspapers. We must disregard the fact that the French are constantly talking of the sly treachery of the Germans, and that they resolutely shut their eyes to the real suffering of our people, although their own Allies and some of their own leaders have tried to place the facts before them. We read

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even in *Le Temps:* 'A great part of the German nation is impoverished, underfed, impressionable to every evil suggestion of despair.' And though we constantly meet here and there in France the vigorous protest that Germany has so far done nothing and has tried to do nothing to help, that is — to put it kindly — a great perversion of facts. Every honest and responsible French statesman knows very well that Germany has done a tremendous amount during the past three years to fulfill its obligations, and that it would have done much more if its efforts had not been hampered by revolts at home and by the fetters placed upon it by the Treaty. It is perfect insanity to ask us to make good this ruin with the product of our labor, and simultaneously to deprive us of the things which are necessary to labor with.

And this truth, too, is as immutable as the truth scored in our minds by the devastated territories I have just described. Truth is the only foundation upon which we can erect a new structure of international comity. If we try to build upon any other, the devastated region will remain devastated, and hate will continue to pour its gall of bitterness into our hearts.

# THE NARIKIN. I: WAR WEALTH IN JAPAN

BY FÉLICIEN CHALLAYE

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*Narikin* — I constantly read or heard this spicy little nickname for the newly-rich when I was last in Japan, during the second half of the war and the period following the armistice. One day a leading cotton manufacturer of Osaka, then president of the Chamber of Commerce, explained it to me. We were at the Manufacturers' Club, after a dinner which he had given to a distinguished French fellow-countryman of mine. He had a chess board brought to the smoking-room. The pieces were indicated not by their form, but by the Chinese characters they bore. The Japanese game of chess resembles our own in the fact that each player tries to checkmate his opponent's king, but it is played upon a board having eighty-one squares, and with twenty pieces on a side. There is no queen. On the right and left of the king, two pieces are called *kin*, 'gold,' and beyond them two other pieces called *gin*, 'silver.' Silver can be moved both directly and diagonally forward one square. Gold can be moved directly forward or diagonally or sidewise one square.

My friend, the manufacturer, said to me: 'In our game of chess, there is a rule like that which permits you to convert a pawn into a queen. In Japan, every piece, regardless of its previous value, which reaches the third row of the enemy's squares, becomes a 'gold' piece. In order to indicate the fact, the piece is turned over. When a pawn becomes gold, it is called *nari-kin.*' Our host smiled and indicated by a side glance three Japanese comfortably

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installed on a neighboring settee, adding sotto voice: 'I am having a good time explaining this to you before those three narikins.'

The fact that narikin kept turning up in conversation and in the press was due to the lively interest which these new phenomena aroused among the Japanese. Never before in its history had the land of mikados and *daimios* and *sumarais* seen so many parvenus suddenly acquire enormous fortunes and high standing in the world.

What is the cause of this? After the second year of the war, Japan enjoyed unprecedented prosperity. Never in the happiest days of the past had such a flood of riches poured in upon it. First of all, the Allies, particularly Russia, required arms and ammunitions which Japan could furnish. Its arsenals and factories turned out vast quantities at a high profit. I visited the arsenal of Osaka in 1917 in company with General Nagano. It was busier than it had ever been before. That was the case elsewhere. Many private establishments were founded to supply the war market. A Japanese reviewer wrote in 1917, with cynical frankness: 'Japan, although not a neutral, really enjoys all the advantages of a neutral, because its war against Germany is practically over, and it can, like the neutrals supply arms and munitions to the belligerents and gather in their money.' Furthermore, the war eliminated Germany and Austria-Hungary from the Far Eastern market; and it greatly curtailed the trade of Great Britain and France in that quarter of the world. Japan promptly took the place of these former competitors. It multiplied its exports not only to China and all the Orient, but to North and South America, Australia, South Africa, the English, French, and Dutch colonies, Russia, and certain parts of Europe.

Although every previous year, except 1906 and 1909, Japan's imports exceeded its exports, the situation was suddenly reversed, and its surplus exports mounted from $113,000,000 in 1915 to $284,000,000 in 1917. The country sent abroad great quantities of silk, copper, cotton fabrics and cotton yarn. Japanese porcelain replaced that of Germany; Japanese dolls elbowed out German dolls; instead of importing glass and enameled ware and rubber and celluloid goods, Japan began to export them. Japanese beer displaced the beer of Munich and Pilsen throughout the Orient. The country tripled its export of soap within four years. By 1919, English cotton spinners were alarmed at Japanese competition, not only in the Far East, but also in the rest of the world and even in their home markets. Japanese canned goods could be found even in Europe. In June, 1916, accompanying my regiment to the front, I bought a can of Japanese crab meat in a village near Verdun.

Consequently, new war markets and the dearth of foreign products encouraged Japan to extend enormously its existing industries, and also to create new ones. Simultaneously, the destruction of European tonnage by German submarines added immensely to the value of the Japanese merchant fleet. Its shipyards set about building additional vessels for domestic owners and for the Allies. New yards were established and old ones enlarged. During hostilities the capacity of these multiplied twentyfold. Great fortunes were made selling old vessels and building new ones. Between 1914 and 1918, it is estimated that Japan's merchant fleet brought into the country more than $500,000,000.

So money was flung into Japan from every direction. Dividends rose in several instances to 25 per cent and even 50 per cent; indeed, one navigation company paid more than 600 per cent

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upon the par value of its stock. The quantity of precious metals held by Japan rose from $170,000,000 in 1914 to practically $1,000,000,000 at the end of 1919. Indeed, to quote a Japanese journal, 'the Golden Age' had literally arrived.

However, these vast accumulations were not equally distributed among the people. The condition of the working-classes did not improve — in fact it grew worse. The multiplication of the currency and the scarcity of many staple commodities forced up the cost of living to a higher point than even in Great Britain and the United States. In case of most workers, prices rose three or four times as rapidly as wages. The poor became poorer, and the rich, richer.

So the enormous wealth accumulating in Japan was monopolized by a very small number of individuals; either by great mercantile and manufacturing firms, already accustomed to vast adventures, or by audacious and lucky speculators. Sometimes fortunes were made almost over night. Mr. Oda, an Osaka narikin, whose income tax in 1917 was the equivalent of $225, paid the following year $53,000. *Asahi* mentioned on August 9, 1917 that a Nagoya cotton-yarn broker had made $7,500,000 by a single transaction.

The newspapers devote much attention to these newly rich, publish their biographies and their photographs, and classify them as big narikins of the shipping and mining world, or little narikins, whose relatively modest fortunes have been made in paper, glass, or beans. During the influenza epidemic, the papers even reported undertaker and coffin narikins.

What effect has the appearance of these newly-rich had upon social conditions? One of the distinctive features of the older Japanese civilization was the simplicity of life. This was due partly to economic causes — the poverty of the country — but also to qualities of taste, to æsthetic disapproval of coarse luxury, to a trained appreciation of simplicity; and last of all, and perhaps above all, to moral and religious ideals. Shintoism and Confucianism, the two predominant forms of belief, were based on ancestor worship, and taught the Japanese to reverence what the labor of their forefathers had produced, and not to waste the work of their hands thoughtlessly and selfishly. Buddhism enjoins the individual to love and to be like his neighbors, not to set himself apart from them; it preaches the moral worth of equality and simplicity.

Now, economic conditions have suddenly changed, and with this change the moral ideals of the past have lost their authority. The narikins find themselves masters of large sums of money. Some of them have, indeed, devoted part of their new wealth to public purposes; but the majority spend their money in personal luxury and a self-indulgence hitherto unknown in Japan. Among those who have aspired to be public benefactors are Kawasaki of Kobe, who gave a half million dollars to found a naval school; Madam Kochi, the wife of a millionaire of Sumiyoshi, who gave $100,000 for a girl's school; a shipping narikin, Tatsuma of Kobe, who endowed a school of commerce with a quarter of a million dollars. Several Osaka narikins have given considerable sums to the public schools of the city. Others are planning to found there an academy of fine arts. The president of a steamship company, Yomashita Kamesaburo, has promised to give the institution an endowment of a million dollars. The same gentleman has already given a half-million dollars to encourage civil and military aviation; and he intends eventually to distribute the remainder of his fortune to his em-

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ployees. The Japanese press is not backward in advising narikins how to spend their fortunes for the public welfare. *Nichi-Nichi* advise them to buy up the most beautiful natural sites in Japan for national parks; *Yorozu*, a paper devoted to the interests of the working-class, insists that such wealth should be used to benefit the wage-earners who have created it.

However, these appeals to generosity often fall on deaf ears. A fund to aid the Allied wounded, which started out to get a million and a half dollars — 3,000,000 yen — yielded less than two-thirds that amount. The president of the committee, Prince Tokugawa, one of the most eminent and respected men of his country, indignantly characterized this result as a 'national disgrace.' In 1918, the mayor of Kobe and the governor of that province, suggested that the narikins of the city provide funds for a higher technical school and the Minister of Public Instruction approved their project. However, the war millionaires of this great commercial city, at a meeting which they held on September 12, resolved not to spend a cent for this project. One of them declared to a newspaper interviewer: 'We have had enough of a government which considers us simply machines for making money.'

Most narikins prefer to spend their fortunes on personal luxuries. Sometimes they follow native customs; more often they imitate Europeans and Americans. Many have erected palaces, occasionally in the Japanese style, but more frequently after western designs. These magnificent residences are provided with every modern comfort. The telephone, for example, is more generally used in Japan — if we may trust local statistics — than anywhere else in the world. The new possessors of wealth scour the country for curious and artistic objects with which to adorn their luxurious dwellings. Some have a hobby for antiques. When members of the decayed aristocracy, ruined perhaps by the very crisis which has enriched their neighbors, sell the beautiful articles which their ancestors have owned for centuries — for example, the utensils of the tea ceremony — it is usually a narikin who buys them. Others, copying Europeans and Americans, make collections of popular Japanese prints which true aristocrats hold in light esteem. They pay enormous prices for rarities. Certain prints have risen ten or twenty per cent in value in a single week, and a portrait print of Sharaku has sold for $325. On the other hand, the works of certain great Japanese artists like Hokusai are less sought after, and have not risen in price.

Some narikins, through ignorance and bad taste, or out of contempt for ancient tradition, violate rules of interior decoration handed down for generations. They show little respect for the *tokonoma*, the alcove where objects of art are traditionally displayed, — the most honored place in the house. They disregard the old rules of precedence in hanging the *kakemonos*. These grade down from ideograms in China ink, to landscapes or tree designs in black on white, and last of all to prints in color. The more noble *kakemonos* should always be hung on the wall of the *tokonoma*, the others on the walls adjoining it.

A Japanese journalist relates how on visiting the home of a narikin, he found the portrait of a geisha girl hung in the *tokonoma*, with superb ancient swords below her, and a *kakemono* of the most ancient ideograms relegated to the opposite wall. He observes: 'I thought the world was coming to an end'; and recommends to such newly-rich Japanese that they hang in their art alcove portraits of the Kaiser, whose declara-

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tion of war made their fortunes, and beside it *kakemonos* covered with Japanese bank notes.

Some narikins buy European pictures to hang in residences built in European fashion. Their taste is not invariably bad, or else they have good advisers. Recently, an exhibition of French art in the Eastern Art Gallery of Osaka proved a great success. Paintings by Henri Martin and René Ménard, and engravings by Louis Godefroy were eagerly competed for by amateurs.

Narikins are also fond of clothing themselves luxuriously, either in native or European fashion. The Japanese wear western attire much better than they did twenty years ago. It no longer looks out of place on them. Often their wives dress in the Paris fashions; but for the most part, they still cling to their graceful silk kimonos, their beautiful crepe *kaoris*, and their sumptuous brocade *obis*. It is not unusual for an *obi* (sash) to cost $500. In former times, these articles were made of substantial goods and lasted for a lifetime. Summer and winter kimonos could be worn during the suitable season for ten or fifteen years. Each time they were cleaned, the colors became more brilliant instead of faded, so that such garments grew more beautiful with age. *Obis* were often handed down from mother to daughter. But to-day, fashion rules even in Japan. It demands several changes in style every year. While the kimono has not changed its traditional form, certain details and accessory ornaments now show its exact date. A branch or a flower garland printed or embroidered on the hem is a little higher or lower; the flowers are somewhat larger or smaller; such and such a color dominates. A noble Japanese lady of high rank in the diplomatic world said to me at Tokyo, shortly after the armistice, 'The fashionable color this season will be green, because that is the peace color.' Japanese women of more modest fortunes are keen to imitate the fashions set by the wives of the narikins, and try to convert their husbands to the idea that it is false economy to do otherwise. They tell them that garments changed so often really cost less. Old style Japanese protest, in the name of the artistic ideals of the race, against this modern vogue. To what purpose this incessant change, when the ancestral garb is proved by time-long use to be harmonious and beautiful? But the tradespeople and the garment-makers applaud the new ways, which bring profit to their pockets. At last, the government became alarmed at the useless expense which people of modest incomes were incurring, and is reported to have ordered shopkeepers not to change their styles oftener than twice a year.

That order is said to have been given directly to the *Mitsukoshi*, the finest of the big department stores of Tokyo. It is comparable with our *Printemps* in Paris. At the entrance of this vast white edifice stand two bronze lions. From the central dome hangs an enormous crystal chandelier. Marble stairways covered with rich carpets lead to the upper stories, in addition to the elevators and an escalator. All the luxuries of the world are to be found behind its counters. It has a dining-room, a tea room, a special reception room for distinguished customers, and a roof garden. According to the customs of the country, visitors must remove their shoes before entering this great emporium. They check their *getas* together with their canes or umbrellas, with a servant at the entrance, and find them ready at a separate exit when they depart. Persons wearing European shoes are supplied with elastic slip-ons.

A Mademoiselle Yamada thus describes the visit of a narikin and his wife, in an automobile, to *Mitsukoshi:* ''Tis she who heads the procession down

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the store. That is now considered good style. Instead of appearing to ignore each other before strangers (as the older forms of Japanese courtesy demand) they make their purchases together, discussing them meantime. They have engaged a guide in order not to make too many blunders in their enterprise. The good wife first proceeds to the perfumery department, where she selects a perfume box stamped "Houbigant" and her husband some cosmetics marked "Roger-Gallet." In the grocery department they allow themselves to be tempted by the delicate French preserves of Amieux Frères, and also purchase some Japanese wines — an experiment of our domestic vineyards. Meantime, the orchestra plays European airs — the "Merry Widow" and the national songs of the Allied countries. They select some Osaku and Kiyushu rugs to the sound of the Marseillaise. These are the products of a new Japanese industry, imitations of Western carpets, very thick and with glaringly vivid colors. Stretched out on *tatamis* (mats), they buy furniture for an office fitted up in European fashion.'

In old Japan, men and women wore no jewels except combs and hairpins. They did not use earrings or necklaces or brooches or bracelets or rings. This distinguished them from Europeans and savages. Now, however, the custom of wearing jewels, particularly rings, has become very popular. Many men wear wedding rings. Narikins are exceedingly proud of their diamonds. The president of the South African diamond mines, Mr. Bernard Oppenheimer, said in London in December, 1919, that purchases from Asia, particularly from Japan, more than compensated for the loss of the market in Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia.

# THE LAST NIGHT OF JUDAS

BY ÉMILE GEBHART

From *La Nation Belge, March 27*
(Brussels Conservative Nationalist Daily)

The massive gate, covered with plates of bronze, swung slowly, solemnly open. Pilate appeared in the porphyry colonnade. The silence of death fell upon the street. In the shadow of the porch, staggering and sustained by two soldiers, his cheeks and forehead covered with drops of blood, crowned with thorns, a reed in his hands, a scrap of purple cloth knotted about his breast, Jesus came toward God's chosen people.

In appalled silence, the multitude watched the bloody vision approach. Judas, in dismay, turned his face aside. Pilate turned toward the people and, with a hand where gleamed the ring with which he sealed the orders of Cæsar, he showed them the Nazarene, crying in a sonorous voice:

'Behold the man!'

The terrible cry of the people came back again, duller yet more imperious: 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him!'

Some women burst into sobs, while a madman, clutching the statue of Tiberius, screamed: 'Woe to Him! Woe to Jerusalem! Woe to God! Woe to me!'

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The centurion, marching in front of the proconsul's guards, his pike at port, thrust the crowd violently back to right and left, and burst a passage for the funereal procession. And, as Judas slunk back among his neighbors, lest he should meet the glance of Jesus, Pilate's officer struck him roughly on the shoulder with the hilt of his sword.

'Hast thou come to insult the misery of a Jewish prophet, or to outrage with thy presence the majesty of Rome? Our gods hate traitors. Haste thee! Away! Seek a solitude, desolate enough to hide thine ignominy!'

Judas let himself be carried along with the throng which hustled about the Roman guard. But many of these men, who that very hour had cried out for Barabbas, had heard the words of the centurion. He overheard words of disquieting irony, and, prudently checking his pace, presently found himself in a deserted side street.

'Am I indeed attainted amongst all men?' he thought.

He sought to enter his house again, there to meditate in peace upon the present and what was to come. But he fell amongst a group of women and children, before whose eyes he quailed in fear. He recognized the boys who three days before had scattered flowers and green boughs in the triumphal pathway of Bethany, and had sung: 'Hosannah! Son of David, have pity on us! Hosannah!'

He changed his route, turning toward the walls of the city. But the children followed him, calling down curses on his name. He hastened his retreat and heard them run behind him with hoots and threatening words. He crossed a market-place filled with peasants and shepherds, come that very morning from the fields of Galilee.

'Judas! Judas!' yelled the boys.

'Judas! Death!' shouted the Galileans. 'Death to him!'

He fled beneath a hail of stones, head down, wrapping the folds of his robe about him, harrassed by dogs, knowing that he was losing ground, that he would die a fearful death, that the thirty pieces of silver would be snatched from him. Suddenly one of the gates of Jerusalem appeared before him, wide open. He leaped beneath its arch with desperate strength. The Roman sentinels, thinking them rioters hurrying to Golgotha to stop the execution of the King of the Jews, lowered their pikes and stopped his pursuers.

Judas fled in the clear light of the open country. He ran along the rocky plain, in dry stream-beds, over the bare crests of hills. He fled at random, sometimes toward the mountains, sometimes toward the sea, toward Tiberias or Samaria, toward Bethlehem or Sodom. One thought alone, one agony possessed him: he was lost. He, faithful to Cæsar and to Moses, — they chased him like a mad beast. Where should there be, that day, an asylum in which his terror might find refuge? On the morrow, what would be the destiny of all his life?

It was nearly noon when he sank down in the shadow of a heap of rocks. He started with surprise as he beheld, so near to him, the menacing shapes of Jerusalem. Then, at the summit of a little hill, near the city, appeared Roman cavalry; farther off, a group of men and women in mourning, and then a great throng. It was a strange, confused scene which he regarded vaguely. But among the pikes and helmets of the Romans, three crosses rose together into the blue sky, and each one of them bore a man, nailed hands and feet. Then Judas knew that it was Calvary. On the highest cross, his head bent under his crown of thorns, Jesus struggled in agony. And, as the horsemen rode down again to Jerusalem, the traitor saw, at the feet of the King, a woman kneeling, and all around the

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cross, the disciples and children, prostrate, their foreheads in the dust.

Already he plucked up his courage, for the spectacle consoled him in his bitterness. Pilate would avenge him. After all, the prophets had endured more than he at the hands of the people, haughtiness from the priests, cruelty from the princes. Some had paid with their blood for zeal in God's cause. He would go away from Judea having tasted of outrage but alive — and with his purse well lined. It was not he whom they would saw between two planks as they had the prophet Isaiah.

Turning his back on the ungrateful synagogue, he journeyed in the direction of Joppa. But of a sudden a terrible burst of wind shook the heavens, the hills and the valleys; the sun paled and seemed to be extinguished, a black cloud lowered above Jerusalem. A thunderbolt shattered the rock a few paces from Iscariot, while below, illuminated and glorified by the purple of the lightning flashes, the three crosses seemed to grow larger and to move menacingly. The bloody hands and eyes turned toward the apostate.

Mad with terror, Judas crouched, face to earth, huddled under his robe.

He did not rise until evening. The peace of the sepulcher had fallen upon all nature. He dared no longer glance towards Calvary. The great silence all about frightened him. He longed to meet some one, to hear the sound of a human voice, to find upon one face a ray of pity. He dreaded the gloomy night which was coming on. He turned toward Jerusalem, and sat down by the side of a pathway, overwhelmed with weariness.

Soon the stars were gleaming in the azure depths and the moon shed a sad light upon the violet mists of the plain. From the direction of the village came the sound of a staff, crunching among the stones of the road, and then a shadow appeared. The man was walking fast, his back bent, as though fleeing before a curse. The hand that held the staff made a great gesture of sadness in the wan light of the desert. The traveler passed before Judas but did not stop.

'Ahasuerus!' cried the apostate. 'Ahasuerus!'

The man made no reply and walked the faster. Judas ran after him, begging:

'Ahasuerus, let me go with thee! Whither thou goest, I will go. Where thou dost rest, I will rest, too. I will be thy servant, thy slave, thy faithful dog. Do not leave me, here in the night, alone.'

'I am going too far, into Syria, into Egypt, to recesses of Asia, to the ends of the world. I am going to Rome. I shall never rest, I shall never sleep more. I failed to have compassion upon Jesus and I expiate the hardness of my heart by a pilgrimage without end or hope. But the blood of the just is not upon my forehead. And I avoid thee, Judas, as I will crush with my foot all the vipers that cross my path.'

The wanderer vanished amid the shadows. Judas saw the shadow of the eternal exile disappear. He listened long to the lessening sound of the iron-shod staff. Then, timidly, he turned once more to Jerusalem. Outside the enclosure, at the bottom of a ravine, he saw a few ruins, haunted by wretched criminals. Perhaps among these desolate dwellings he might find a refuge and a friend, when the day broke.

Through the chinks of a door came a gleam of light. He peered in and saw, crouching close over a lamp, the criminal who made Judea tremble, the thief whom Pilate had released to the people — Barabbas. He knocked. The door opened.

'Barabbas. I am wounded, hungry, cold, frightened. Let me sleep this night on the stone floor of thy hut.'

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The bandit stood fast on the threshold of his house. He shrugged his shoulders with a sinister laugh.

'Wouldst thou, then, do Barabbas dishonor? If I accept *thee* as my guest, my people stone me to-morrow in Jerusalem. No! Hear, Judas. I have slain five Jews, or six, and two Roman soldiers. I have stolen handfuls of gold from the sacred coffers of the high-priest in the temple. I have snatched a plate of gold from the Ark of the Covenant, which it is death to touch. But never have I sold a human soul, nor given victims to the executioner. I had rather strangle thee than let thee pass my gate. If thou art weary, 't is not far to Golgotha. Sleep peacefully there, thy head at the foot of thy Lord's cross. No demon even, will dare disturb thee!'

Judas wandered, sometimes in the shadow of the walls, sometimes among the vines and olive trees. The insolence of Barabbas was too harsh a blow for him. Until now the God of Jesus had struck him noble blows — the temple, Rome, the disciples, and the Wandering Jew journeying far into the night. But this assassin who repulsed him from his dwelling! The blow was too cruel and the arm which struck it, too vile.

His hate for the Nazarene grew monstrously. It was to that dead Man that he owed all these shames. He was glad he had betrayed him. He smiled fearfully at the memory of the punishments of which he had been the terrified witness. He counted over the blows of the flagellation, the insults of Pilate's servants, the thorns of the crown, the nails of the cross.

Then the bitter thought came to him that so precious a Crucified had been sold to the Synagogue at too low a price.

'He was worth at least a hundred *denarii*. Those priests cheated me abominably,' he murmured to himself.

He shook his fist at the star-scattered sky, and, as he felt himself burning up with fever and thirst, he walked to a grove of trees, which might, perhaps, shelter a well. The wind sighed gently in the trees. Already Judas felt himself more composed. He sprang back suddenly with a raucous cry, the scream of a shipwrecked man as he drowns, and sank upon his two knees, drawn to earth by an invisible hand. He recognized the olive tree under which, the night before, followed by armed men, he had kissed the forehead of the Man.

He ran madly from the Garden of Gethsemane. Then, stumbling at every step, he wandered in the solitude. He thought no longer, hoped no longer, desired only to find Satan, the fallen archangel, that he might move him to pity by his own distress.

Far off, two palm trees stretched their delicate branches over the edges of a country well. It was the Well of Jacob, of which the holy water had been consecrated by a word of Jesus. But Judas had not even the strength to slink away from this great reminder. He sank down heavily by its side, and, as no bucket was fastened to the chain of the well, he held his burning face over the edge, to breathe the freshness of the water.

Between the two palm trees gleamed, light as a phantom, the figure of a young girl clothed in white, and in a white veil, — a slender girl, who with her bare arm supported an earthen jar, poised on her right shoulder. Judas lifted his livid face and cried, in a feeble voice, 'I thirst!'

The maiden made a movement of terror, as at sight of a dangerous beast.

'I thirst,' he cried, again.

'He thirsted too,' she replied. 'The Prophet thou didst sell, cried from the cross, "I thirst!" and the Romans held out a sponge soaked in vinegar, on the point of a spear.'

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She lowered the jar into the well and drew it up, brimming with pure water, the drops of which, falling, gleamed like jewels. Judas was silent. He trembled in the presence of this girl. He held up his dry lips to the fresh water. With melancholy grace she bent toward him.

'Take it,' she said, 'for the love of Jesus, take and drink.'

When he had drunk, she placed the water jar again on her shoulder, and moved away with tranquil pace, all white beneath the caress of the stars.

Then into the shadows in the soul of Judas came a wave of light. In one swift glance he saw all his infamy and the depth of his fall. He was in a deadly daze. The sweetness of the young girl had revealed to him a mystery of which he had never dreamed, and the anguish of sacrilege came into his heart.

'Who is this Crucified who has shed upon my head the balm of mercy at the hand of a child?' he said.

He stayed a long time, seated at the edge of the Well of Jacob. The same thought came to him again and again, but, far from holding a consolation, it caused him infinite suffering. Before him, on a little hillock, a withered fig-tree rose, and the parable of the Lord woke confusedly in his memory. He ran swiftly to the tree, cast his red robe to the ground, and threw into it the thirty pieces of silver. Then, knotting the cloths of his turban, he hanged himself on the largest branch of the tree which had borne no fruit for his Master.

Beneath the feet of the dead apostle the robe seemed like a great spot of blood. A jackal came to sleep there until dawn. With the first white gleams of morning, a vulture circled on its fulvous wings, high in the heavens above the tree of death.

# RAISING THE MONOLITH

BY ROBERT GRAVES

[*The Athenæum*]

A SHAFT of moon from the cloud-hurried sky
  Has coursed the wide dark heath, but nowhere found
One paler patch to illumine — oats nor rye,
  Chalk-pit nor waterpool nor sandy ground —
Till, checked by our thronged faces on the mound
  (A wedge of whiteness), universally
Strained backward from the task that holds us bound,
  It beams on set jaw and hate-maddened eye.

The vast stone tilts, turns, topples — in its fall
  Spreads death; but we who live raise a shrill chant
Of joy for sacrifice cleansing us all.
  Once more we heave. Erect in earth we plant
The interpreter of our dumb furious call
  Outraging Heaven, pointing 'I want, I want.'

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# HOW VIENNA WORKERS LIVE

BY GEORGES PAQUOT

From *Le Peuple, April 7*
(BELGIAN SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC DAILY)

A LUCKY chance gave me an opportunity to examine from close at hand the situation in the home of a Viennese workman, and this is a *résumé* of the conversation that I had with him and with his wife. A married couple of about thirty-five years, with two children, are concerned. A little girl of eight lives in Belgium, with a militant socialist, and a little boy of twelve lives with his parents.

The household, composed of three persons, depends wholly upon the salary of the husband, who is an inspector in the gas-meter service of the municipality of Vienna.

'Here are the accounts of my salary,' the father said to me. 'You see that I get 1280 crowns a week. It is n't much, but my work is steady. In private industry a workman gets 1800 or 2000 crowns, but sometimes he is out of work, a chance that I do not have to run.'

'Do you get enough to live?'

'Just enough to keep alive. For example, it is impossible for me to buy a bit of clothing for my son, my wife, and myself. You must understand that fabrics are very expensive.'

'Just as dear, even in Belgian money, in Belgium itself,' I replied. 'But shoes cost about a third less than in Belgium: a pair sold here for 2000 crowns costs sixty francs in Belgium.'

'Yes, but unfortunately, two thousand crowns, for a Viennese workingman like me, are ten days' pay. If you had come unexpectedly, you might have found everybody in the house barefooted, this Sunday afternoon. This is my only pair, for dress and for everyday. You see they are all patched, full of big nails, and the toes have iron tips. They cost me twenty-eight crowns.'

'Does n't the municipality make you an allowance for shoes?'

'Yes, before the war we used to get eight crowns every three months. At that time the Austrian crown was worth 1 fr. 05, and that used to make 33 fr. 60 a year. It is still eight crowns, but the crown has fallen to two per cent of its value and that makes no more than sixty-four centimes a year.'

'My working-clothes are just my old cast-off uniforms. Look at them, patched and sewed up everywhere! As for my wife and my boy, as you see, they are poorly enough clad!'

The workman took the whole family's wardrobe down from a nail and laid it out before me on his bed — a bed quite without linen. It was miserable-looking.

'Do you have enough to eat?' I inquired.

'That depends on what you call enough to eat,' replied the man with a bitter laugh. 'Show the gentleman the cards, Thilda.'

His wife, a thin, pale, resigned little woman, held out a collection of food-cards. I took them, one by one, asking questions as I did so.

'This is your fats card. How much do you get a week and at what price?'

'I get 120 grammes per person per



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week, of oleomargarine of the official supply, at twelve crowns, forty heller a kilo.'

'That makes only twenty-five centimes Belgian. If you want to add to your ration, for how much can you get oleomargarine in free trade?'

'You pay more than twenty-five times as much, — exactly 320 crowns per kilo.'

'And your sugar card?'

'We are entitled to 600 grammes of sugar — crystal or moist sugar — per person per month, but as that costs 140 crowns a kilo at the government supply, we never buy any. Sugar is very scarce, anyhow, and the official distribution is always behind. Just now you can have the sugar for the first half of March, but, I repeat, only rich people get any good out of their sugar cards. Look at ours. It has n't been touched.'

'Do you get saccharine?'

'Yes, a hundred little tablets for ten crowns every month. It takes two tablets to sweeten a cup.'

'I see nothing has been cut from your potato card.'

'Of course not. The government has n't any more, and we should have to pay high prices for them in unrestricted trade: fourteen crowns a kilo. We have had potatoes from the government's supply only twice, in August 1920.'

'And your milk card?'

'This is it. It entitles us to one ration of milk for each child under twelve, but you can't get that ration, for there is n't enough milk for the hospitals.'

The wife explained to me that the 'Mariahilfer Mölkerei,' the local creamery where her name was on the list, was always dry. The milk card, issued in September, 1920, was still untouched!

'And bread?'

'You know our Vienna black bread. Only the rich can buy the little white loaves, on the quiet. As for us, the State gets us bread at a loss. Every grown person has a right to 1300 grammes a week, at the rate of nine crowns a kilo. A workman doing hard labor gets three quarters of a ration more. Outside of that, each household has a right to half a kilo of flour a week for each person, half in white flour, half in brown flour. At Christmas, I got a kilo of flour more through the intervention of our union.'

'You have a coal card?'

'No, because as a workman in the gas service, I'm better off, and I receive forty kilos of coke a week. The other households are entitled to seven kilos of oil a week, but they don't get even those seven kilos. In winter people suffer much from the cold. Rich folks keep warm with wood fires, and that costs four crowns a kilo.'

'What do you have to drink?'

'*Ersatz* tea at seven crowns a 100 grammes and *Ersatz* coffee, war coffee, at forty crowns a package. Real coffee costs 420 crowns a kilo.'

'You seem to have scars. Were you wounded in the war?'

'Yes, I served twenty-seven months in Italy after having fought for sixteen months in Russia. I lost a finger and had my lip gashed. Finally, on the Italian front, we threw down our arms and ran. We had had enough! I am a Social-Democrat, and my wife, too.'

With these words, the man held out two more cards — political, this time. I took farewell of my hosts, who lived in a little apartment consisting of only two rooms, but very neat. They escorted me cordially to the door of their flat.

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# BURTON'S 'ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY'

From the *The London Times, April* 28
(Northcliffe Press)

At about this time three hundred years ago was published in Oxford, where it had been composed, *The Anatomy of Melancholy, what it is, with all the kinds, causes, symptoms, prognostics, and several cures of it; in three partitions; with their several sections, members, and subsections, philosophically, medicinally, historically opened and cut up by Democritus Junior.* Within fifty years the original quarto had grown into a folio, passed through eight editions, and — so the story runs — enriched its publisher with an estate. That Robert Burton, the author, student of Christ Church and vicar of St. Thomas, Oxford, derived any profit from a book which was the encyclopædia of the men of letters and the diversion of the dilettanti throughout the seventeenth century, there is no evidence and little probability. One can hardly imagine 'the melancholy man' making a profit out of anything.

With the changed taste of the eighteenth century the *Anatomy* lost its popularity and became the precious possession of the few. Warton imagined that he had discovered in it the source of Milton's 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso,' and he may have been right. Dr. Johnson told Boswell — perhaps with a touch of rhetorical exaggeration — that it was 'the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours earlier than he wished to rise'; Laurence Sterne indubitably made good and copious use of it to embellish 'Tristram Shandy'; at the turn of the century — ten editions carried Burton down to 1800 — Charles Lamb was completely convinced that it was caviare to the general. 'I do not know,' he wrote of the two-volume edition published in 1813, 'a more heartless sight than the reprint of the *A. of M.* What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic great old man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the newest fashion to modern censure? What hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular?' Lamb should not have lamented; that new edition gained for Burton one of his aptest readers — Keats, who borrowed from it (and properly acknowledged his debt) the story of Lamia, and some of the bitterest eloquence in his 'Ode to Fanny.' Still, though Keats made splendid use of the *Anatomy*, we may admit that Lamb had a privilege of possession; he was Burton's ideal reader, and he was almost entitled to supply from his own imagination, as in fact he tried to do, some posthumous fragments from the commonplace book which Burton did not leave behind him.

The one he did leave behind is the *Anatomy*. For what is that indescribable volume but the true original Patriarch, the undisputed Sovereign, of all commonplace books whatsoever? It professes to deal with melancholy, but what of that? Melancholy is the merest skeleton of a vast body, no more than the *principium divisionis* of the old logicians; re-shuffle the matter a little, and it would clothe another skeleton just as neatly. It might have been the *Anatomy of the Human Soul*, except that



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Burton would have found the title too ambitious; to-day it would appear, if it could appear at all, as *Curiosities of Psychology. Quidquid agunt homines* — Burton could truly have said — *nostri farrago libelli est.* But it is the world of human action at one remove, a vast repository of what other men had thought and said about it, a museum of the old style, like the Ashmolean of Burton's century, with statues and monsters in spirits and astrolabes and dried crocodiles, and a puckered old curator explaining, describing, moving among the medley, inscrutable, indefatigable, apparently absorbed. The ghost of a half-smile warns us that he may not be altogether serious, but we can never be sure; and even when he suddenly throws the gown of office aside to pour out the vials of his personal indignation, or to tell us some fantastic tale, he gives us no time to parley. Before our astonishment has passed, he has slipped into his fortress of folios, against which we may batter at first in vain.

Assuredly, Burton does not believe all he tells us; certainly he believes a great deal. But how much, who can say? His capacity for faith in things outside his experience is large and accommodating. We do not need the evidence of the horoscope which he had carved on his tomb, or the legend which tells that he made away with himself in order to die on his prognosticated day, to know that he took astrology seriously; although in his book he professes to have an open mind concerning the influence of the planets upon human destiny, the undertone of belief is audible. But he is prepared to see astrology pass into astronomy; the Copernican revolution is quite acceptable to him; it sorts not only with his skill in mathematics, but with its temperament. 'If it be so that the Earth is a Moon, then are we also giddy, vertiginous, and lunatic within this sublunary maze.' He stands at the dividing line between the age of superstition and the age of science; for the nature of evidence (as it is called by the moderns) he cares nothing. Everything is admissible that has been written in a book; and the odder it is, the better for his purposes, provided it has the sanctity of print.

> Being in the country in vacation time not many years since, at Lindley, in Leicestershire, my father's house, I first observed this amulet of a spider in a nutshell lapped in silk, so applied for an ague by my mother; whom, although I knew to have excellent skill in chirurgery, sore eyes, aches, &c., and such experimental medicines, as all the country where she dwelt can witness, to have done many famous and good cures upon diverse poor folks that were otherwise destitute of help: yet among all other experiments, this methought was most absurd and ridiculous, I could see no warrant for it. *Quid aranea cum febre?* For what antipathy? till at length rambling among authors (as I often do) I found this very medicine in Dioscorides, approved by Matthiolus, repeated by Alderovandus *cap. de Aranea, lib. de insectis*, I began to have a better opinion of it.

Even here, we cannot be certain that there is no twinkle in his eye, and that the tale is not being told against himself. But since his face is serious while he tells us of a hundred other remedies as odd, we suspend judgment, and are content to be grateful for the one little glimpse of his mother, wife of his 'excellent father,' Ralph Burton, Esquire, of Lindley, in Leicestershire, where Robert Burton was born on February 8, 1576.

The little we learn of Burton's life from sources outside his book is useless knowledge. Apart from a meagre handful of dates and the tradition that he used to go down to the waterside at Oxford when his depression was at its blackest and listen to the bargees swearing at one another, 'at which he would set his hands to his sides and laugh pro-

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fusely,' the chroniclers tell us nothing that we cannot discover better from his own pages. Thence, we learn the all-important fact that he had a miserable time at the grammar school (at Sutton Coldfield), where he was '*fractus animis*, and moped many times weary of his life.' Probably his schoolboy misery was a prime cause of the depression that dogged him for the rest of his life, though he himself apparently preferred to ascribe it to his 'having Mercury misaffected in his geniture.' Yet it is characteristic of him that, in spite of his hateful memories of his boyhood, he had the kindest recollection of the 'excellent air, of Sutton Coldfield. It is indeed, doubly characteristic of him; it shows his instinctive desire to remember the best about everything, and also the pathetic pride he took in any local attachments outside Oxford. He had so few, and he made so much of them! In his chapter on the benefits of good air, the poverty of the list of places which he knows is remarkable; but he manages to single out, for especial commendation of their salubrity, where he went to school, where he was parson, and finally where he was born. Thus he praises

> places best to me known, upon the river of Anker in Warwickshire, Swarston and Drakesly-upon-Trent. . . . Sutton Coldfield in Warwickshire (where I was once a grammar scholar) . . . in an excellent air and full of all manner of pleasures. . . . Segrave in Leicestershire (wh. town I am now bound to remember) is situated in a champaign at the edge of the wolds, yet no place likely yields a better air.

He goes on to recommend high places; he mentions only three, and one of these, 'which I may not omit for vicinity's sake,' is 'Oldbury in the confines of Warwickshire, where I have often looked about me with great delight, at the foot of which hill I was born.'

A commoner of Brasenose, a student of Christ Church, an inmate of the Bodleian, Burton seems to have no existence outside Oxford from the end of his schooldays to his death; we think of him first and foremost as the affable, familiar ghost of the old University, flitting from cloister to quadrangle, bewildered and lost if he stirred abroad. If we look more closely, however, we can discern in him a hankering after another life, a tinge of regret for some simpler and less theoretic existence. Though the traces are slight — what writer has more sedulously concealed himself than Burton? — they are conclusive. He never uses the language of affection when he speaks of Oxford; and when he speaks of the University with admiration, as he sometimes does, it is only to greet some startling innovation — the building of the new waterworks, the foundation of the botanical garden, or the establishment of the Bishop in a new palace at Cuddesdon. Had he lived to-day he would assuredly have urged the case for an electric tramway down the High. The beauty of the Oxford countryside is of the rarest, the air of Boars Hill of the finest; he never mentions them. It is of his other homes alone that he writes with love and approbation; and we feel that even his fishing, the only sport he describes with the glow of actual experience and personal delight, was done, not on Cherwell or Isis, but somewhere on that 'river of Anker in Warwickshire.'

Plutarch in his book *De Solertiis Animalium* speaks against all fishing, 'as a filthy, base, illiberal employment, having neither wit nor perspicacity in it, nor worth the labor.' But he that shall consider the variety of baits for all seasons, and pretty devices which our anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights, will say that it deserves like commendation, requires as much study and perspicacity as the rest, and is to be preferred before them. Because

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hawking and hunting are very laborious, much riding and many dangers accompany them: but this is still and quiet: and if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brookside, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow flowers; he hears the melodious harmony of birds, he sees the swans, herons, ducks, water-horns, coots, and many other fowl, with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds, or blast of horns, and all the sport they can make.

Our sense that Burton felt himself an exile in Oxford and cherished some instinctive resentment against the monastic life of the University accords with the impression made by the most persistent of the personal tones which sound through the *Anatomy* — the bitter complaint of the disappointed scholar. Oxford is a microcosm of the greater world without; advancement goes not by merit, but by favor. Whether Oxford was indeed as corrupt as Burton describes it we do not know, but it is obvious that he found the atmosphere intolerable. Yet what could he do? If he leave Oxford, what has the true university scholar, without money or influence, to expect? He may teach in a grammar school at a falconer's wages, ten pounds a year, or be trencher chaplain in a gentleman's house, for which service 'he may perchance have a living to halves, or some small rectory with the mother of the maids at length, a poor kinswoman or a cracked chambermaid, to have and to hold during the time of his life.' So he looks back with longing eyes to the days before the Reformation, and regrets the wholesale disruption of the religious houses by the 'too zealous innovators.' Had they taken thought for the commonweal instead of their own fortunes they would have preserved at least one in each part of the country, where true scholars might have congregated to pursue their studies in comfort and security and to be a light to the world about them. Instead of this happy condition the men of learning are herded together, their talents rusted, and their lives unprofitably worn away.

> We that are University men, like so many hidebound calves in a pasture, tarry out our time, wither away as a flower ungathered in a garden, and are never used; or as so many candles, illuminate ourselves alone, obscuring one another's light, and are not discerned here at all, the least of which translated to a dark room or some country benefice, where it might shine apart, would give a fair light and be seen over all. Whilst we lie waiting here as those sick men did at the Pool of Bethesda till the Angel stirred the water, expecting a good hour, they step between and beguile us of our preferment.

Those who know Burton know that this is no merely personal grievance on which he dwells; and those who do not, may discern in his regret for the wasted Reformation the outlines of an ideal system of provincial universities which three centuries have not even yet made a full reality. It is customary to conceive him only as a bookworm, winding his way through forgotten authors. He was much more than this. There was a fine, magnanimous spirit in him which chafed at the waste not only of his own life, but of all that humanity and education might accomplish in the world; with this spirit his great volume was impregnated against the decay of time, so that even now, if we will only take the pains to blow the dust off the covers, we shall find within a freshness, a savor, and sanity for which we were scarce prepared. For the *Anatomy* is a deceptive book; it is a museum which we enter in a mood of idle curiosity and leave thinking less about the multitude of strange things collected there than of the man who gathered them together. At first we catch hardly more from the pages of his book than the

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hint of a strange faint fragrance, as of a pomander; but the scent is subtle and curious enough to excite in us an eager desire to discover whence it comes; and as we join the scattered evidences together, the character of Burton himself slowly shapes into that of a wise, kindly, romantic man, a disappointed idealist who has begun, after the habit of his kind, to profess a cynicism he cannot maintain. Through the loopholes in his citadel of authorities, the intervals in his quotations from the satirists, his inveterate charity peeps out; he cannot disguise his faith that the purpose of education is to enable common human kindness to play its high part in the world, nor reconcile himself to the uselessness to which he is condemned. He is distressed by his own divorce from life, regretting not only that the university lights burn away in a sterile illumination of each other, but that they are also cut off from happiness by 'the laws and rigorous customs that forbid men to marry at set times and in some places, as apprentices, servants, collegiates.' Throughout his book this demon of regret lurks in the background. Burton, we feel, is precisely conscious of the futility of the huge labor of compiling it; it is not least his complete lack of all illusion about his own occupation which gives the *Anatomy* its faint but inimitable flavor and makes it not futile at all.

The *Anatomy* is not a bitter book, but it contains the harvest of much bitterness. There is something naïve in Bishop Kennet's statement that Burton wrote it to cure his melancholy but only made it worse, for the Bishop was confounding cause and effect. The book and the melancholy were both largely the outcome of his resentment against his destiny; it was hardly to be expected that a man who had spent twenty or thirty years in erecting a vast monument to his own pitiful lack of true occupation would be made merry by contemplating the architecture of it. Conditions have changed at the universities now, and it would be manifestly extravagant to suggest that Burton was the archetype of the don; but most Oxford and Cambridge men can remember at least a few Fellows of an older generation who were Burtons in miniature, with something of his inward rage against his own futility, something of his learning, his kindliness, his idealism, and something even of the subacid resignation with which he accepted his fate and made mock of it.

No doubt Burton's profound depression had other causes than his own sense of futility. He was born under Mercury, and 'Mercurialists are solitary, much in contemplation, subtile, poets, philosophers, and musing most part about such matters'; this might not have mattered to another man, but Burton happened to believe in the influence of the planets. An astrologer who was born under a melancholy star could hardly avoid being melancholy. Or are we this time confounding cause and effect, and did Burton first cast his horoscope to find a reason for his own depression? It was hardly necessary, for by his own confession the misery of his schooldays was a quite sufficient cause.

> Parents and such as have the tuition and oversight of children [he wisely says] offend many times in that they are too stern, always threatening, chiding brawling, whipping or striking; by means of which their poor children are so disheartened and cowed, that they never after have any courage, a merry hour in their lives, or take pleasure in any thing. There is great moderation to be had in such things, as matters of great moment to the making or marring of a child.

The usher at the grammar school of Sutton Coldfield probably had the first hand in marring Burton. 'Moped many times weary of his life,' he lost the courage to confront the world; he became a

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solitary, a romanticist, a builder of castles in the air. No one was ever more eager to see the curiosities of the world than he, but the only travels he dared to undertake were made among his books; there he indulged himself and voyaged, in the ethereal journey of his magnificent *Digression of the Air* to the ends of earth; but it was a pathetic makeshift for a man born in those adventurous days.

In the language of modern psychology, Burton suffered under an inhibition; his nerve was shattered, and while he watched himself stagnating, chained by his fear of life to Oxford, his resentment against his destiny accumulated. At moments he looked upon himself as one prevented by the ill order of the world from exercising his true gifts, and cried, like Hamlet, that he lacked advancement. It was only partly true; he knew well enough, as many a disappointed don has known since his time, that he had played for safety and achieved it. The bitter knowledge worked three hundred years ago as it does now; it made his depression deeper. It was deeper still because his practical gifts were great. There is nothing in the least fantastic about the remarkable Utopia which he describes in the huge preface to the sixth edition, published in 1651–52, twelve years after his death, a preface that has the substance of a dozen modern books; it is hardly a Utopia at all, but rather a detailed programme of enlightened social reform that any benevolent despot might have made a reality.

The practical wisdom and humanity which are conspicuous in his Utopia, are constant qualities of his book: superstitious though he was, his hatred of bigotry and intolerance was intense. All the absurdities and extravagances of the human race are exhibited against a background of kindliness and sympathy, seen through a charitable atmosphere disengaged almost imperceptibly from the humane precepts he insinuates, and his beloved habit of balancing extreme against extreme and censuring both. So, in the matter of diet — the three doctors he really trusts, he says somewhere, are Dr. Merryman, Dr. Diet, and Dr. Quiet; he is impatient with the epicure — 'Lucullus's ghost walks still, and every man desires to sup with Apollo. . . . These Centaurs and Lapithæ toss pots and bowls as so many balls; invent new tricks, as sausages; anchovies, tobacco, caviare, pickled oysters, herrings, fumadoes' — but he cannot approve those who affect 'a too ceremonious and strict diet, being over-precise, cockney-like, and curious in their observation of meats.

On other questions he would sometimes carry his method of 'snarl and counter-snarl' (as Keats unkindly called it) to the point of appearing to blow hot and cold with the same breath, as in the matter of tobacco:

> Tobacco, divine, rare and super-excellent tobacco, which goes far beyond all the panaceas, potable gold and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy for all diseases. A good vomit, I confess, a virtuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken and medicinally used; but as it is commonly used by most men, which take it as workers do ale, 't is a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health, hellish, devilish, and damned tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of body and soul.

The final outcome of all his unwearied, infinitesimal pursuit of the remedy for melancholy, which is only another name for the secret of happiness, is that people should be rational, charitable, and imaginative. Nurses must not frighten children with tales of hobgoblins, nor fanatic preachers terrify grown men and women with thundering threats of everlasting damnation. This rejection of the terrifying sermon was nothing less than a self-denying ordi-

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nance, for Burton had not merely a general gift of vituperation but a particular genius for dwelling on hell fire. He suppressed it, however, for this little passage stands solitary in his book, though it is enough to show that he might have rivalled Donne in the kind:

> The terrible meditation of hell fire much torments a silly soul. What's a thousand years to eternity: *ubi mœror, ubi fletus, ubi dolor sempiternus. Mors sine morte, finis sine fine;* a finger burnt by chance we may not endure, the pain is so grievous, we may not abide an hour, a night is intolerable; and what shall this unspeakable fire be that burns for ever, innumerable, infinite millions of years, *in omne œvum, in æternum.* O, eternity!

It is in this famous last section of his book on love-melancholy that Burton reveals himself most plainly as the romantic idealist. Though he claims that he is 'but a novice, a contemplator only, *Nescio quid sit amor nec amo,*' he has his own very positive preferences in this difficult matter of love. It is seldom indeed in the *Anatomy* that he speaks in his own person; in discussing love he does so three times. He vigorously applauds three actions, and they are three marriages, and — what is more — three marriages of the same fairy-tale kind. First, 'Great Alexander married Roxane, a poor man's child, only for her person. 'T was well done of Alexander, and heroically done. I admire him for it.' Here are the other two:

> Leontius, a philosopher of Athens, had a fair daughter called Athenais, *multo corporis lepore et Venere* (saith mine author), of a comely carriage; he gave her no portion but her bringing up, *occulto formæ præsagio,* out of some secret foreknowledge of her fortune, bestowing that little which he had amongst his other children. But she, thus qualified, was preferred by some friends to Constantinople, to serve Pulcheria, the emperor's sister, of whom she was baptized and called Eudocia. Theodosius, the emperor, in a short space took notice of her excellent beauty and good parts, and a little after on his sister's sole commendation made her his wife: 't was nobly done of Theodosius. Rodolphe was the fairest lady in her days in all Egypt; she went to wash her, and by chance (her maids meanwhile looking but carelessly to her clothes) an eagle stole away one of her shoes, and laid it in Psammeticus the King of Egypt's lap at Memphis: he wondered at the excellency of the shoe and pretty foot, but more *Aquilæ factum,* at the manner of bringing it: and caused forthwith proclamation to be made, that she that owned the shoe should come presently to his Court; the virgin came, and was forthwith married to the king. I say this was heroically done, and like a prince; I commend him for it, and all such as have means, that will either do (as he did) themselves, or so for love, &c., marry their children.

So we think of this old scholar as a fairy godfather, with his visions of mankind made prosperous and happy, eating his heart out in his rooms at Christ Church, for the lack of opportunity to put the world right by a wave of his wand, rummaging through pile after pile of dusty folios in the full knowledge that the end would only be to add one of the largest to the vast array. What solace he found for his depression, save to hear the bargees swearing, we cannot easily discover. Perhaps he derived happiness from sharing the belief of Marguerite of Navarre that *l'ennui est commun à toute personne bien née;* he certainly believed, as a whole phalanx of romantics have since believed, that depression is the mark of intellectual distinction. 'I am [he says] of that nobleman's mind, "Melancholy advanceth men's conceits, more than any other humour whatsoever," improves their meditations more than any strong drink or sack.'

The compilation of the *Anatomy* did not help him much; his fishing, we are sure, was not done at Oxford nor his boating — 'to take a boat in a pleasant evening and with music to row upon the

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waters, which Plutarch so much applauds, Elian admires upon the river Pineus in those Thessalian fields' — on any mortal stream; and even the comfort of drink was denied him. 'Let's drive down care with a cup of wine; and so say I, too (though *I drink none* myself).' We must believe his own italics, though they are hard to reconcile with his remedy against sleeplessness and bad dreams. 'Piso commends frications, Andrew Borde a good draught of strong drink before one goes to bed; I say, a nutmeg and ale, or a good draught of muscadine, with a toast and nutmeg, or a posset of the same, which many use in a morning, but methinks for such as have dry brains are much more proper at night.' With wine away, nothing seems left to console him, except it were that pleasant smoke of juniper which 'Bessardus Bisantinus prefers to melancholy persons, which is in great request with us at Oxford, to sweeten our chambers.'

That Burton suffered torments no one can doubt, in spite of the well-known passage in which he paints with delight the pleasures of the voluntary solitariness which 'gently brings on like a syren, a shoeing horn or a sphinx to this irrevocable gulf.' *Facilis descensus Averno;* his descent to the depths was easy, but whether it was as delightful as he there describes it, whether indeed he went by that flowery path at all, is open to suspicion. This cry at least comes straight from a soul in pain: 'If there is a hell on earth, it is to be found in a melancholy man's heart. . . . I say of our melancholy man, he is the cream of human adversity, the quintessence, the upshot.' Yet, it is strange that with all his reading — and he did not despise the vernacular — he should never have made contact with those tormented spirits who were putting forth their melancholy into plays for the London stage. *Hamlet*, indeed, in which Burton would have found much to his liking, was actually played at Oxford; it is a pity he did not see it, for Shakespeare would have become to him more than the 'elegant' author of *Venus and Adonis* and *Much Ado about Nothing*. Had he followed up the acquaintance in the Folio he would not have had to let his sentence, 'A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye,' go unsupported by an instance as he did.

But it is evident that Burton went to his contemporaries, as dons nowadays go to novels, solely for distraction. But of all the English poets there was one whom he read with surpassing relish and quoted with preëminent affection, 'our English Homer,' 'Sir Geoffrey Chaucer.' He had the *Canterbury Tales* at his finger-ends, and he knew the 'Wife of Bath' even better than his Virgil. We can guess the reason why. He recognized in Chaucer the shrewd humanity which he too shared, but in Chaucer tempered and perfected by a knowledge of life at first hand; the Canterbury pilgrims were substantial men and women out of busy highways, not dim figures of classical legend. In touching them, Burton found something of the contact with the actual world which was denied him by his adverse star.

Thus, in making a reckoning of the positive pleasures of the old Oxford solitary, we should place the reading of Sir Geoffrey almost at the head; 'divine Seneca' was a pale ghost beside the English Homer of flesh and blood. Before this would come only the joy of writing those portions of the *Anatomy* in which he let himself fairly go. At his best Burton wrote a splendidly virile prose; he had the knack of turning epigrammatic Latin into still terser and more vigorous English, and he could do it with a flowing pen. '*Sicuti titulis primi fuere, sic et vitiis* (as they were first in rank, so in rottenness).' 'Malt-

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worms, men-fishes or watersnakes, *qui bibunt solum more ranarum, nihil comedentes*, like so many frogs in a puddle.' The heaviest of his pages sparkles with such sentences. His cumulative effects (as in the well-known diatribe on women) are prodigious; he was always ready to gallop off with the dictionary thundering behind him. 'His soul was soused, imparadised, imprisoned in his lady.' ''T is an inevitable chance, the first statute in Magna Charta, an everlasting Act of Parliament, all must die.' He loved words for their own sake, and he had the faculty, essential to a really fine literary style, of making the spirtual physical by precipitating it, often with a violent jerk, into a concrete image.

It is, of course, mere folly to wish that Burton had written other books than the *Anatomy*, or the *Anatomy* otherwise; had he not written that book he would have written nothing. He made it, in spite of the myriad authorities he accumulates, after his own image; out of all his folios he managed to build a house which his spirit could comfortably inhabit, hidden away by many leathern doors and recondite passages from the gaze of the curious vulgar. There in the centre of the labyrinth he is to be found, wise, tender, romantic, sensitive and charitable, hopelessly at odds with a world of which he was afraid. He is a little hard to know, but those who have the patience to persevere with his acquaintance can find for him no readier epithet than lovable; 'a person,' says Antony Wood, 'of great honesty, plain dealing and charity.' The time of his popularity is long past; we no longer need to ransack the classics, or be saved labor of ransacking them, in order to buttress our lightest word with authority. Still, it is likely that those who used him most cared for him least, for it is not in man's nature to cherish a personal affection for the editor of an encyclopædia from which he steals. We of the present day, who have no ulterior motive in seeking him out, but frequent him solely for our delight, may know and love Robert Burton for his own sake alone.

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# ART DEGENERATION AND REVIVAL

BY JOHANNES VOLKELT

*[The following analysis of the controlling tendencies in present-day art is by Professor Volkelt, of Leipzig University, a veteran teacher and writer on æsthetics and art matters.]*

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Friedrich Nietzsche prophesied in his posthumous work, *The Will to Power*, that the next two centuries of European history would be characterized by 'the rise of nihilism'; the depreciation and dishonoring of the highest values, especially the highest moral values, and the glorification of immorality; that existence would be increasingly interpreted as an irrational and aimless experience; that the hopeless cry 'God is dead!' would resound through the world and find general credence. When we study the changes which have occurred since the late years of the War, and particularly since the Revolution, both in the attitude toward life and the conduct of the German people, it seems that Nietzsche was at least partly right in the prophecy he made in 1888. For on every hand, — in morals, politics, art, and religion, — evidences of disintegration and degeneration manifest themselves, until we may justly fear lest we fall into utter nihilistic chaos.

Ought we give way to this paralyzing pessimism? Is it right to await in helpless apathy or terror this chaos of nihilism? Are there not positive forces working to check the malady which has attacked our highest ideals — forces with which we may ally ourselves in faith and confidence? Is there not something in the essence of the human spirit sure to manifest itself the more powerfully when the need is greatest? Will not our German idealism, as revealed to us in the creations of our poets and thinkers, reassert itself with renewed youth?

Let us confine our present inquiry to the field of art, where the forces of degeneration are particularly obvious. A striving to liberate itself from form dominates most unwholesomely the art movement of the present. Form in the sense here indicated is an imprint, shaped in harmony with the innermost nature of the object, the agency by which the true character and significance of an object is visibly expressed. That itself is a sufficient reason why modern artists should be impatient of form. They are fighting against form as against a law which sets bounds to the artist's individuality, which hampers his absolute freedom. Subservience to form is revolting to those who conceive the artist's imagination as something under no circumstances to be humbled or restrained. Form demands renunciation of one's own will, of one's chance moods. It demands the discipline of the fancy and imagination. In the highest sense, form receives its full due only when the artist is profoundly conscious of the objective aspects of existence. That attitude is in the eyes of the modern artist a symptom of stupid docility, or an out-of-date bourgeois quality of mind. Therefore, the old artistic forms



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have been shattered and cast aside. But that which has taken their place bears the stamp of restless, neurotic caprice. Its features are chaos and revolt.

We have the best example of this in expressionist art. To represent things as they are is regarded by the expressionist as slavery. He considers all natural forms as outside the realm of art, as imposing fetters which his free creative spirit spurns. Therefore he forswears allegiance to things that exist — plants, animals, and human beings. He believes it is his right to crush, distort, and mutilate them. Nature is no longer to the expressionist a lovely, loyal, warm home. Expressionism presents the intimidating spectacle of an art which has utterly lost consciousness of unity with pulsating all-nourishing, all-supporting nature. Instead, it regards nature with a cold, skeptical, sarcastic air, as if she were a tedious and presumptuous stranger.

In poetry the expressionist's hatred of form expresses itself in rebellion against the natural structure of language. To be sure a genius appears occasionally who possesses the power of creating speech, who coins words which permanently enrich his mother tongue. To-day, however, immature apprentice rhymesmiths think they can play with linguistic forms whose roots strike deep down into the profoundest recesses of the nation's soul, and treat them like ordinary raw materials. They handle language as if there were no language sentiment, no innate linguistic norms. When our German expressionists appeal to the precedent of our 'storm and stress era,' they overlook very important differences; the revolutionists of that earlier day merely recognized the influence of primitive natural forces upon language, while the expressionist poetry of the present is a self-conscious chasing after linguistic novelties, a forced, affected, painful effort to be original.

But the poets have gone farther than that. They renounce the traditional harmonious arrangements of words in rhyme and meter as unworthy tyranny. They go to the greatest lengths to devise far-fetched associations between an adjective or verb and its proper substantive, so as to conceal as far as possible any rational meaning which a sentence may contain. To be lucid, is to be trite. Countless modern efforts at poetry illustrate this idea. A senseless conglomeration of words is sought after as an end in itself.

I do not believe that the denial of form is the last word in the evolution of art. It seems to me that the demand for form is a necessary demand of the spirit, particularly, perhaps, of the German spirit. It expresses freedom combined with power; boldness tempered by self-restraint. It is a product, not of trivial caprice, but of a genius saturated with objective content. The great German masters paid reverence to form in this sense, and their art is so interwoven with the art instincts of our nation that a final break with their standards is impossible. The present demoralization and anarchy of form cannot possibly survive in a mental world where Goethe and Schiller and their successors are still great living powers. Certainly, a nation like our own, which possesses men like Leibnitz and Hegel, Kant and Fichte, great constructors of systems, and which is devoting its mental energy to-day to an endeavor to harmonize and bring into order the world-thought of the present, will not long rest content with the current petty impatience with all artistic forms and standards.

I believe, further, that at least the German mind will not consent in the long run to that extreme self-glorification of the individual which denies every tradition and rule as an unworthy limitation. Some individuals may be captivated for the moment with impulse

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and caprice, with raggedness and irrationality, with paradox and ecstasy. Soon, however, we shall experience a revival of the demand for the objective, — for the things which have final and eternal value. We shall go back to an art which derives its nourishment from nature and from life, from history and from humanity. Our people will not follow Reinhold Lenz or Maximilian Klinger, but Goethe and Schiller. They may recognize a touch of genius in George Büchner, but they will find their permanent satisfaction in men like Hebbel.

We must bear in mind, furthermore, that in the case of our own country the recent World War and the Revolution have done more to wreck old forms of German culture than any other event since the 'Thirty Years War.' Life on the fighting front was absolutely bereft of even the simplest and most universally accepted forms of culture. On the heels of this followed the Revolution, revengefully eager to destroy every historically consecrated form and tradition of our national life. For form itself is something aristocratic, something respectable, reserved, and aloof. That explains the instinctive effort of the Revolution to sweep it away. Consequently it is not surprising that artists, especially those who fought and suffered at the front, should have allowed hatred of form to become part of their very flesh and blood. At the same time we may hope, that as we get farther away from the World War and the Revolution, and as normal conditions are reestablished, this malady of form degeneration now creeping over art may be checked and conquered.

But the demoralization of our attitude and sentiment toward life itself, is even more portentous than our declining recognition of artistic form. It is a mutilated, deformed, moron humanity which glowers or drivels at us through expressionist pictures. All they suggest is profound morbidity. Their jaded, unhealthy mood is relieved only by absurdities, and where these cast a ray of light into their rudimentary composition, it is only a broken and joyless one. Likewise, that which repels us most in the poetry of our younger school, is its scornful stigmatizing of the past, without giving us anything positive in its place; its pathetic groping in its own self-wreckage, its confused helpless seeking after some steadfast ideal. The soul is exhausted by its ceaseless chasing after nothing. Is life a shallow joke? A crazy dream? A terrifying chaos? Is there no longer sense in talking of an ideal? Is every ideal self-illusion? These are the questions which drive the soul of to-day aimlessly hither and thither. Calm consciousness of power and mastery, the unaffected glow of health, threaten to become lost sensations. Over-alert self-consciousness associated with a mysterious revival of atavistic bestiality, and extreme over-refinement hand in hand with a slothful love of indolence, characterize the discord which clouds the artistic mind of the period.

Will the German soul prove strong enough to fight its way out of this condition? We must make allowance for the fact that it is a task of extreme difficulty for even the most firmly grounded, most mature and best disciplined mind to find room for the fearful experiences of the World War and Revolution in an idealist conception of the world. How are we to reconcile what we have lived through during the past few years with rational design in human history? It is the very man who addresses himself most seriously to this question who finds it easiest to become a doubter and a pessimist. Therefore, we can well understand how hard it is for the youthful generation, just getting its first grasp on a philosophy of life and

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history, to find a firm anchorage in the torrent of impressions received from the War and Revolution. Yet, we must hope that a nation with the profound religious and philosophical spirit of our own nation, will succeed ultimately in finding a place for the horrible and apparently irrational occurrences of the last few years in some ordered scheme of things; and must trust that an idealism, whether it be only moral or likewise religious and metaphysical, will eventually resume its sway.

This hope grows stronger when we see that expressionism is already drawing toward the mystical and metaphysical. Even though this expressionist impulse betrays itself in morbid ways, it still voices the imperative call to found our philosophy of life on something absolute and, in its last analysis, meaningful. We should also bear in mind that the young men of to-day already begin to manifest a gratifying recognition of the necessity of such a philosophy, of a theory of life and world history; and that they are taking the great German idealists as their leaders.

If art, and the art of Germany in particular, continues to pursue the course which it has recently entered, we shall lose things of priceless value for our æsthetic progress. Take fiction, for example; our art of narrative has lost immeasurably. To-day it is considered trivial, and incompatible with true inspiration, for the author to marshal before the imagination of the reader the incidents and experiences which form the background and the explanation of the inner life of the characters he portrays. It is thought to indicate inferior ability for an author to show the effect of the actions which his characters perform upon their persons and things about them. The writer must confine himself exclusively to the profoundest recesses of his hero's subjective life. So our modern story-teller, if we are allowed to use that name, carefully avoids utilizing the rich human material which is inextricably interwoven with the concrete surroundings of his characters. Only an occasional echo of the outer world pierces his sanctuary. Stress is laid upon picturing the self-absorbed inner man, upon lyric outbursts, upon empty unreal dreams, upon morbid introspection, upon visionary ecstasy, so that when real events are described, they are so filled with mystery, so wrapped up in the incomprehensible that the reader does not know what actually occurs. A reader who demands some sound appreciation for reality in an author, who wants to be entertained by images of the writer's imagination, who seeks to be introduced by the narrator into the every-varying, entrancing, constantly surprising world of human experience, will find nothing worthy of his attention in the novels and romances of the present. For my own part, I infinitely prefer to the feverish, oracular, ecstatic, esotericism of our modern writers, such authors as Willibald Alexis, Louise François, or Ebner-Eschenbach. And what a relief Stifter, Keller, and Storm are after the seething, sulphuric soul-craters of our modern romances and novels!

I cannot convince myself that the demand for an art which can unroll before our eyes a living drama, which can elaborate a plot and actually entertain us with a novel has ceased to exist. Formless ebullitions of temperament, shot through here and there by a flash of hideous reality, cannot permanently satisfy the literary taste of the world. We may look forward confidently to the rise of a new story-telling art. It will doubtless receive some enrichment from the extreme subjectivity of the novels and romances of the present. Even to-day this new tendency is apparent. I believe I detect it in Jacob

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Schaffner's *Swiss Journey*, and in Hermann Hesse's *Demian*.

Neither do I wish to be understood as denying all merit to our contemporary lyric-contemplative soul romances. I recognize them as a class by themselves, with their peculiar excellences. I merely protest against their being accounted the only real form of romance.

Likewise, the carefully constructed architectonic drama of the past threatens to disappear. A conviction has gained vogue that strict unity and consistency hamper the freedom of the dramatist, and are an insult to his genius. To be truly artistic characters must be thrown in hodge-podge and sketchily developed. This makes the drama a loosely connected series of scenes, not a plot developed step by step to a logical and necessary climax. To be sure many dramatic writers even to-day stick to the old standards. I need only mention Paul Ernst, Wilhelm von Scholz, Ernst Hardt and Stephan Zweig. Gerhart Hauptmann has merely given us a loose series of unconnected scenes in his *Winter Ballad;* but he has returned to a formal plot in his *Indipohdi.* Strindberg's beguiling influence manifests itself here; his dramatic style is characterized by accidental juxtapositions rather than by the logical relationships of a plot. Ibsen's more systematic, unified, self-consistent dramas, have been almost pushed into the background by Strindberg. So at the present time we see the cruder agglutinative drama taking precedence of the synthetic drama.

But in spite of this threatened retrogression, I am confident that we shall witness a speedy protest against the growing disregard of form upon the stage. The slovenly, discontinuous, picture-gallery type of play cannot possibly hold its place permanently as the highest expression of dramatic art. The latter will return to its strict standards of unity, in response to an irresistible inner impulse. The same thing will occur which happened in case of the cult of exaggeration in the eighteenth century, — a classic type of drama will develop from to-day's art wreckage.

When the drama recovers its poise and returns to well-ordered standards, the historical play, now fallen into complete disrepute, will revive. To-day our playwrights try to transcend time, to express themselves in universal symbols. As a veteran metaphysician I am the last person in the world to protest against this effort to evolve a type of drama superior to mere temporal and historical limitations. I am merely saying that this type cannot monopolize the field. The historical drama, portraying the relentless laws of fate in human affairs, picturing the power of human will and the tragedy of human defeat, occupies a permanent field peculiar to itself.

How many other æsthetic attainments will grow dim and lustreless if the present rage for expressionism continues long enough! At present, comedy has almost vanished from the stage. Its place has been taken by grotesque burlesque and cynical satire. The unanticipated outcome of men's scheming, the comical surprises of clever intrigue, the half-joking, half-serious portrayal of the all-too-human, good-humored caprice and unlabored merriment, lie as far beyond the ability as they do beyond the interest of the present generation of poetic weaklings. Even a recently revived comedy by Bauernfeld, in spite of its exaggerated nonsense and coarseness, has come as a welcome relief.

Turning to the realm of tragedy, we find our plays to-day merely dully depressing. The tragedy that exalts the sentiment and liberates the spectator from the trivialties of life is no longer good form. Tragedy which challenges and defies fate violates the fundamental

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canons of our younger dramatists. So it is no wonder that this form of dramatic art to-day confines itself to depicting hopeless, irretrievable defeat. But what lofty, artistic and, let me add, human values would be lost were the tragedy of despair, which Frank Wedekind, George Kaiser, Herbert Eulenberg, or Fritz von Unruh now give us, to supplant the tragedy of liberation and hope, which we have inherited from Schiller, Goethe, and Grillparzer.

The case is equally bad in all other fields of art. Consider the glaring, discordant colors of an expressionist painting! What inspiration for life itself do men derive from art like that? Or ponder a moment on the distorted and tormented forms of expressionist sculpture. How is the conception of beauty to survive there? Recall the saying of Mörike: 'What is beautiful, reveals bliss!' But even here I do not lose hope. We must always bear in mind the devastation of spirit, the catastrophic upheaval of soul, which the War and Revolution have wrought in the most sensitive minds of our generation. It will be a slow process — finding ourselves again. But to the degree in which we do so, will beauty, liberation, humor, grace, and loveliness, be restored to art.

# A BATH, IF YOU PLEASE

BY HUGUES LE ROUX

[*Senator of the Department of Seine-et-Oise*]

From *L'Echo de Paris, April* 18
(CLERICAL DAILY)

A LITTLE technical review, called *Le Progres Hôtelier*, lately published for the professional hotel-keepers who read and edit it, an article under the title: 'What do the Americans want?'

We must rejoice at observing that correct ideas are on their way. French hotel-keepers know that there are American uncles on the other side of the ocean whose good graces it is advisable to win. This is all for the best!

We gather that the first demand of the Uncle from the Other Side, before every pleasure of the table, is a little room of his own. His second requirement is the enjoyment of a hot bath, quickly got ready.

In a pinch, he is willing to go the length of the corridor for a wash, if the bath room is clean and in first-class condition. But he is ready to pay whatever price is necessary to have a bath of his own in his own room.

Now, I ask you, where — outside palaces and great cities — could one find such good luck as hot water along the highways of France?

When one has traveled through Japan, which is, all the same, a less civilized land than our own, and when one considers that in the smallest inn a hot bath awaits the traveler (although the pool is often public, sometimes even for both sexes) there is a sense of shame in

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thinking that in our country districts, and by no means the most remote, baths continue to be regarded in the light of a medical measure! Well, so they may be!

There are people who think that the dust which one collects in a railway train and the dust with which one is covered when traveling by motor, is unwholesome. Once they reach their stopping-place, these delicate folk get rid of this dirt. They insist on washing before they sit down to table. Give them the bath as a medical measure against the disease of dirt!

M. Defert, President of the 'Touring Club de France,' tells me this typical story. Covered with the dust of the road, he arrived at an important town in the valley of the Rhone. In very big letters he saw on a door the word 'BATHS.' He got out of his automobile and knocked. An old woman appeared at the window.

'What do you want?'

'A bath.'

'What day?'

'Right away.'

'Oh, but that's impossible!'

'Why?'

'They have to be ordered at least two days in advance.'

Whereupon the window was closed and was not reopened.

Traveling myself, with my son, through Nimes and Avignon, I engaged in advance a room in a hotel because I had read in the guide 'Hôtel des Bains.'

The day after my arrival I asked to be shown the way to the bath room. The servant was shocked.

'But there is n't any!'

'What? Then why do you call your house the "Hôtel des Bains"?'

'Because it was built on the ruins of some Roman baths.'

But why blame the roadside innkeeper, in a little provincial hostelry, for being so ill-equipped in this respect? The château itself is often without conveniences which in other lands are in use even in the houses of the poor.

Some years ago, there was published in England a rather venomous little book, called *The Visits of Elizabeth.* It was by a well-known British novelist, who had been entertained in friendly fashion in one of our most ancient and in every sense most distinguished French houses. There was only one bath room in the château. Elizabeth did not find it fitted up to her taste. She became sarcastically indignant, and all England with her.

What is there to say? Are we less cleanly than our neighbors, we who are, par excellence, the cultivated people?

When you go to Rome, you visit the baths of Caracalla. They were highly organized. There were pools of incomparable richness. On one side, you find the bath for the slaves. Although with less luxury, it gave the serving-men an opportunity to take sweat-baths and bathe themselves like their masters. Indeed, if the medical science of the Romans was ridiculous, their hygiene was perfect. They comprehended that it is of no use to take precautions against contagion if one surrounds himself with servants who live under hygienic conditions so bad that they become the carriers of the ills one is trying to get rid of. Good heavens! How far we are from this egoistic form of wisdom!

The English, who believe in the virtue of water, invented the tub. That is the bath of the colonizer. When one takes a cold plunge he may not get very clean, and besides, it is by no means certain that this fashion of plunging half the body under water — much less cold water — would succeed with all temperaments. England is the one country in the world where you find — either in spite of the tub or perhaps because of it — the most people affected with catarrh and other diseases of the nose and lungs.

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Rich or poor, the American gets into a hot bath every day — sometimes several times a day. That is, in the first place, to save time. (In France careful people wash piece-meal, and they never have done.) In the second place, it is to relax after the activity of the strenuous life. Before dressing in the evening, it is a pleasure, I can tell you, to step for an instant into a tub which is filled in three minutes.

Everything in America works together to put an abundance of hot water at the disposition of the bather: coal is cheap, the dwellings are constructed in such a way that drain pipes can go up and down freely between the two walls which, packed inside each other like two boxes, form the body of the houses. Then, besides, the American plumber is an extraordinary virtuoso, compared to whom ours are but poor students. Those of you who read these lines and are possessed of bath-tubs, will not accuse me of falsehood. Will you tell me when a bath-tub with a gas-heater attached will come in Paris? How much time do you have to take to fill the vast enameled basin with water which has reached a temperature at which you can plunge in without fear of bronchitis?

The plumber tells you: 'Your gas has n't any pressure.'

The gas company's man replies: 'Your apparatus is no good.'

In the United States, this hot water perpetually gushing from the faucet rises purely and simply from the kitchen stove. You bathe, as you eat, at about the same hour.

I think that the solution of all our woes would be to marry a French cook to an American plumber. In that way, in a quarter of a century, we should secure a race of men who would make the fortune of French hotels. But we can't wait a quarter of a century. With the gas pressure that we get, and the absent-minded plumbers that we have, let us attempt to erect along the main highways of France a few bath-houses, available for chance comers, and bearing witness to our efforts to satisfy our guests.



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# THE DANCES OF ISADORA DUNCAN

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

From *The London Times, April* 17
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

IT is not without significance that most of the eulogies lavished upon Isadora Duncan have come from painters and sculptors. Her art appeals especially — one might almost say exclusively — to people with a feeling for the beauty of pure line; which incidentally may account for her audiences not being so large as those attracted by the ballets of action and costume and color.

Interesting as Mme. Duncan's dancing in some mazurkas of Chopin, and some waltzes of Brahms has been, it is not as a dancer that she stands out above her competitors. Her art is not even adequately expressed in the word 'miming,' though included in her other gifts is that of a mime of genius. Her true sphere is that neither of drama nor the dance, but of living statuary. Here, I should imagine, she is unapproachable. Her walk is so divinely beautiful a thing that, of itself, it almost draws tears to the eyes at times: it is as if some noble statue had come to life and set itself in motion.

It seems trite to say that she is living statuary; but after all, this expression, hackneyed as it is, is the only one that defines her. As statuary, her art, seemingly, has no limitations. In other spheres it has its limitations, but they are the limitations of the art, not of Isadora Duncan. When we try to express a poetical idea in terms of the dance we very quickly come to the end of the resources of the dance — that is to say, of the solo dance. The slight disappointment we feel with the Russian Ballet dancers when they take to the stage on their own account comes from no defect in them, but simply from the narrow circle of devices to which they are restricted.

I, myself, felt this acutely when Mme. Karsavina danced 'The Slave Girl' at the Coliseum. The number of movements that the hands and arms can make is limited enough, in all conscience; but the number of possible movements of the legs is pitifully, absurdly small. The result is that the solo mime is committed to constant repetition of a very few simple motion-patterns, now on this side of the stage, now on that, and always with the same methods of transition from one to the other.

In the ensemble ballet one is not so conscious of these limitations of the art, partly because the eye never dwells very long on one figure, partly because the mere number of dancers enables the choreographer to build the few simple primal patterns into more complex ones.

Mme. Duncan cannot, any more than the others, escape from this fundamental law; all her dancing that involves the repetition of pattern, first along one diagonal of the stage, then of another, quickly becomes monotonous for the spectator. Nor, so far as I personally am concerned, is it her dramatization of the music that gives most pleasure. Her art here, of course, is consummate; but it has the flaw of not always being able to explain itself. I sometimes feel, in presence of it, as I



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should do if I were listening to a symphonic poem without having the slightest clue to the poetic basis of it.

The dancing mime reads a story of her own into a piece of music that carried no such story for the composer, and carries none for us. It is essential, then, if we are to get the full value out of her art, that we shall know precisely what her story is. So marvelous is Mme. Duncan's art that frequently we cannot be in the least doubt as to what she is expressing. But at other times we simply cannot find, unaided, the key to the symbolism of her gestures; and I think she might make the same concession to the frailty of our understanding as the composer of programme music does in his analytical note. With the very slightest of literary clues given us in the programme, our pleasure in her miming would be enormously increased.

Some explanation of this kind is particularly required when the mime's gestures strike violently across our own preconceptions of the music. There were passages in Chopin, for instance, that have always ravished me by the exquisite melting of modulation into modulation. It not only puzzles but slightly irritates me when I find Mme. Duncan accompanying those suavities by a gesture of pain or despair. I do not deny her right to express in her gestures and in her face just what the music means for her; but if she wants us all to see in it just what she sees, she ought, I think, to tell us in advance what that is, as the writer of programme music tells us in advance the non-musical conceptions that underlie his music.

But even where we cannot hit upon the key to Mme. Duncan's reading of a piece of music, we are intoxicated with the pure beauty of her movements. What she gives us is a sort of sculpture in transition. Imagine a dozen statues expressive, say, of the cardinal phases of despair — the poses and gestures and facial expressions of the moment in which each of these phases reaches its maximum of intensity. Then imagine some hundreds of statues that represent, in faultless beauty, every one of the moments of slow transition between these cardinal phases, and you get the art of Isadora Duncan. The soul becomes drunk with this endless succession of beautiful lines and groupings.

The muscular control they imply, is itself wonderful enough; but more wonderful still must be the brain that can conceive and realise all these faultless harmonies of form. She seems to transfer her magic even to the fabrics she works with; no one who has ever seen it can forget the beauty of the slow sinking of her cloak to earth in one of her dances; the ripples in it move the spirit like modulations in music.

Her secret, so far as we can penetrate to it, is apparently in the marvelous cooperation of every cell of her brain and every movement of her face and limbs. So perfectly does the machine work that, paradoxically, we can sometimes see it working when it is quite still.

The most wonderful illustration we had of this was at a certain moment in her miming of the 'Ride of the Valkyries,' when, in dead immobility, she gave us an incredible suggestion of the very ecstasy of movement: something in the rapt face, I imagine, carried on the previous joy of the wild flight through the air. The sudden cessation of physical motion had the overwhelming effect that Beethoven and Wagner now and then make, not with their music, but by a pause in it.

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# CHEKHOV'S NOTEBOOKS

BY E. B. OSBORN

[*Mr. Osborn's article is a review of 'The Notebooks of Anton Chekhov,' translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Virginia Woolf. Hogarth Press, 5s net.*]

From *The Morning Post, April* 15
(London Tory Daily)

Solomon (alone): *Oh! how dark is life! No night, when I was a child, so terrified me by its darkness as does my incomprehensible existence. Lord, to David, my father, thou gavest only the gift of harmonizing words and sounds, to sing and praise Thee on strings, to lament sweetly, to make people weep or admire beauty; but why hast Thou given me a self-tormenting, sleepless, hungry mind? Like an insect born of the dust, I hide in darkness; and in fear and despair, all shaking and shivering, Isee and hear in everything an incomprehensible mystery.* [Part of a Monologue found in Chekhov's papers after his death.]

Surely Solomon made a great mistake when he asked for wisdom; had he prayed for folly instead, and his prayer been granted, he would never have felt in his heart that all is vanity. Yet the self-satisfied happiness of a fool, drowning in the ocean of banality, is far less worth having than the subtle perplexities, the delicate pains, the agonies and exultations, the sad satiety which follows either, and above all, the sense of having a past and a future, never a present all one's own and sufficient to itself, which make up modern life for the modern seeker after wisdom. It is a kind of snobbery to expect happiness, whether in life or in death — the manly part is to live as variously as possible, putting one's talents out to the usury of impulse and purpose, and hoping for no immortality, save the abiding effects of good deeds and good words (for, after all, there is such a thing as goodness).

Such is the train of thought which is the clue to the labyrinth of Chekhov's writings, and it is seen for what it is, with curious clearness in a little book of gleanings from his notebooks, which also contains Maxim Gorky's reminiscences of the master's works and days.

Much of his power and charm, and all that perfume of personality, which is called style, must have vanished in the process of translation, despite the translator's genius for psychical mimicry. Yet, we have the matter, if not the manner, of his criticism of life as it is lived, in Mrs. Garnett's transmutations. He has been likened to de Maupassant without his cleverness, to Mr. Galsworthy without that cold, calculating business sense — a capacity for making balance-sheets of conduct — which is so utterly un-Russian. All such comparisons are quite useless; Chekhov is *sui generis* even among Russian writers. He is both pessimist and optimist; he despairs of life, but not of his fellow-creatures, nor even *au fond* of himself. Tolstoy got inside the man when, contemplating the loving and lovable Olenka of *The Darling*, he says of her creator: 'He, like Balaam, intended to curse, but the god of poetry forbade, and commanded him to bless.'



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A loving faith in human nature can always be discerned behind the sudden flashes of cynical wit which illuminate every page of his stories, every scene of his plays. Thus, there is worldly wisdom in the aphorism: 'A woman will forgive you audacity and insolence, but she will never forgive your reasonableness.' It is a counsel of expediency, which is a large part of the stock-in-trade of the professional amorist, but it is as far from expressing Chekhov's philosophy of womanhood as his misogynist's indictment of the educated woman: 'Thanks to her, a great deal of what had been won by human genius has been lost again; the woman gradually disappears, and in her place is the primitive female.' It is really an indictment, not of woman, but of education for women, and all the faults and frailties that make her a dear disaster, are to him as much a part of Nature (more profoundly so than man, perhaps, with his strange genius for detachment) as the country scenes he so lovingly describes.

. . . 'When I am nailed up in my coffin, I believe I shall still dream of those early mornings you know when the sun hurts yours eyes; or the wonderful spring evenings when the nightingales and the land-rails call in the garden and beyond the garden, and sounds of the harmonica float across from the village' — there must be in all such scenes a strain of human music to satisfy him.

He tells his age (1860–1904) — which was wearier than ours shall be, but not so wearisome — that it is man's duty to live life boldly, with consciousness and beauty. But, as I think, his first and last message is — Simplify Thyself! The moral common to all his stories is that the soul stifles in the swaddling-bands of humbug, in the deliberate cultivation of fame and a name for what you are not and cannot do, among trivial people who do not really matter. Not only Chekhov's stories, but also the man-in-himself (always secretly a protagonist in them) make for simplicity in others.

'I think that in Anton Chekhov's presence,' says Gorky, 'everyone involuntarily felt in himself a desire to be simpler, more truthful, more oneself; I often saw how people cast off the motley finery of bookish phrases, smart words, and all the other cheap tricks with which a Russian, wishing to figure as a European, adorns himself, like a savage with shells and fish's teeth. Anton Chekhov disliked fish's teeth and cock's feathers; anything 'brilliant' or foreign, assumed by a man to make himself look bigger, disturbed him; I noticed that, whenever he saw any one dressed up in this way he had a desire to free himself from all that oppressive, useless tinsel, and to find underneath the genuine face and living soul of the person. All his life Chekhov lived on his own soul; he was always himself, inwardly free, and he never troubled himself about what some people expected and others — coarser people — demanded of him.'

Here, then, is the cure he prescribed for the specific sickness of the modern soul — simplicity and sincerity, making for that inner freedom, which is the only freedom which can be got and is also worth having. The present aim of life, with its ingrowing materialism, is to increase our needs. Rather let us diminish them. Then the mystery Solomon found so menacing will clear up, like a glum, rainy, meaningless day.

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# THE ORIGIN OF LAND PLANTS

BY J. ARTHUR THOMSON

From *The New Statesman, April* 23
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

THE more one thinks about the conquest of the dry land by adventurous animals of aquatic ancestry, the more convinced one becomes of the impossibility of success if plants had not led the way. Plants ensured the food, the moisture, the shelter without which the dry land would have been altogether too inhospitable for animals. Thus, the problem of the origin of land plants has an enhanced interest.

It seems quite certain that many ages passed before there were any land plants at all. In Cambrian, Ordovician, and Silurian strata there are plenty of traces of seaweeds, but there are no known fossil land-plants before the Devonian. Among the earliest are the very interesting Devonian fossils discovered a few years ago at Rhynie in Aberdeenshire by Dr. Mackie of Elgin. Of course, it is quite possible that there may have been pioneer land plants long before the Devonian, but of a type too simple to admit of definite fossilization.

If there were any orthodox view or majority report in regard to the origin of terrestrial plants, we suppose it would be something like this: the simplest plants began in the sea and flourished there for ages; but some of them, obedient to the universal impulse to explore empty corners, made their way from shore to estuary, from estuary to river, from river to lake, from lake to swamp and marsh, and thence, at last, began to colonize the dry land. At each station in their ascent some would no doubt settle down and specialize as best they could in relation to the immediate environment, while others would push on, trying as it were to find something better. Whether some may not have passed directly from the sea-shore to the shore-marsh and thus on to dry land, without serving an apprenticeship in the freshwaters, is a question in detail which may be waived for the present. But the general idea of the theory sketched is that relatively simple plants, endowed with considerable traveling power, like many of the unicellular algæ, did the exploring, and that structural evolution began afresh, as it were, in the successive stations where they established themselves. One must remember that detached propagative parts of plants would not readily migrate up-stream, though spores might be borne by the wind. Fishes may have helped in transport, but there were no plant-distributing birds in those early days. Moreover, there were no true seeds before the Devonian. The general idea seems to be that very simple plants did the traveling, and that when they reached a suitable resting-place they proceeded to evolve into organisms like our liverworts, mosses, and ferns, building up structural complexities somewhat similiar to those that had already been achieved among seaweeds in salt water, similar yet different, being adapted to the quite novel conditions of terrestrial life. In his very able book, *The Origin of a Land Flora* (1908), Professor F. O. Bower has sought to show how the ex-



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aggeration of the spore-bearing (sporophyte) generation and the suppression of the sex-cell-bearing (gametophyte) generation, which is characteristic of all flowering plants, would follow as a natural outcome of becoming terrestrial. But the prior question is how the transition from aquatic to terrestrial (or subaërial) conditions may have been effected.

To this question a new answer has been recently given by the distinguished Oxford botanist, Dr. A. H. Church, in an essay entitled 'Thalassiophyta and the Subaërial Transmigration' (Oxford University Press, 1919), an essay as full of suggestive ideas as it is of repellent terms. We have seldom come across a book so gratuitously discouraging to the reader, and yet such good sport from cover to cover. Dr. Church's general idea is that terrestrial plants arose by the gradual transformation of highly evolved marine plants on a slowly rising beach. Transmigration seems to mean 'transition *in situ*.' 'When the first land gradually lifted above the primal sea, bearing all forms of marine life on it, the successful transmigrant algæ of the first land-migration combined the best and highest factors of marine equipment.' What had been gained in the sea in the course of ages was not lost, to be invented *de novo* a second time, it was adapted. It was not in the reproductive part of the plant that the profoundest changes were necessary; it was the body that required to be readjusted from life in an aqueous food-solution to life in an atmospheric medium with no external food-solution beyond that bathing the roots.

After the gradual cooling of the earth there were, according to Dr. Church's picture, three great epochs of world-construction, with associated vegetations. There was the time of the condensation of water-vapor to form the sea, which he supposes to have covered the earth; and the surface-waters of that sea were peopled by miscroscopic plants sufficient unto themselves. This was the Plankton Epoch. Second, the folding of the earth's crust raised parts of the floor of the sea into the reach of light, and minute plants began to settle there, anchoring themselves and proceeding to build up fronds and other forms of body. But anchoring on a substratum made it necessary to have some new arrangements to secure dispersal — a return to the plankton phase for processes of reproduction, much in the same way as we see in sponges which liberate free-swimming embryos, or in zoöphytes which liberate swimming-bells or medusoids. A new note was struck: the types that survived were those whose individual members had moved in the direction of race-continuance — the most fundamental of all biological truisms. To the plankton law of self-preservation was added the benthic law of race-continuance. 'The fact that any race still exists implies that the individuals collectively have done their bit.' This was the Benthos Epoch. Third, there was the gradual emergence of dry plant and the gradual transformation of aquatic vegetation — seaweeds for short — into a land-flora, able to absorb gases from the air and salts in solution from the substratum. The Benthos introduced the new factor of substratum, but the emergence of the land introduced the new factor of atmosphere. This was the Xerophyte Epoch. In other words, we must think: (1) of the primal Open Sea, with its free-swimming minute green plants; (2) of the floor of the illumined shallow sea with its anchored fronds all intent on experiments in body-making on the one hand and in reproductive dispersal on the other; and (3) of the beach slowly rising, foot by foot, millennium after millennium, with

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its highly evolved sea-weeds slowly transforming themselves into land-plants.

'The energy of growth, at bottom a phase of chemical (ionic) activity, supplies the driving-power of life, and such "life" beats against the sieve of Natural Selection; but this alone does not account for all the manifestations of plant-organization. *Twice* in the history of the world the sieve itself has been changed: the "hidden hand" which did this, and so determined the path to be taken as a sequence of progression, was not "Nature" or "Divine Guidance," except in so far as such expressions may be utilized to cover an inevitable march of events, in this case merely the expression of the cooling of the earth, which (1) lifted the sea-bottom by tectonic changes, and (2) ultimately lifted the "land" above the surface of the water, to be subjected to subaërial denudation to form "soil."' Of course, only a few of the plankton creatures got through the sieve to become anchored seaweeds on the substratum, and only a few of the benthic plants got through the new sieve to become the pioneers of a land-flora. The idea of an evolution of sieves as well as an evolution of the sifted material is useful, but we should not be inclined to restrict the operations of the 'hidden hand' to *twice*.

It is very impressive to visit a rocky foreshore at the lowest tide, to wade out among the Laminarian and other seaweeds, not usually exposed at all, to observe the vigor and manifoldness of their growth and the complexities of their structure, and to realize that one is moving amid an antique vegetation, some members of which may be much older than the hills. The conventional view is that these seaweeds represent a gorgeous blind alley, but Dr. Church asks us to consider the possibility that from among such highly evolved creatures the land flora may have emerged by gradual transformation as the foreshore slowly rose. The transformation cannot be thought of in any easy-going way. It meant that the seaweeds' gripping structures, mere hold-fasts, not true roots at all, became provided with rootlets and root-hairs suited for the absorption of water and dissolved salts from the soil. It meant that a frond-surface adapted for the absorption of watery food-solution became fit for the absorption of the dry gases of the air. It meant the elaboration of a complicated vascular system for conveying the raw materials and the elaborated materials from part to part. These are among the more readily stated of the difficulties which are faced and ingeniously countered by Dr. Church.

Many a plant is a very plastic or modifiable creature, and even such a stable structure as a tree can adapt itself almost out of recognition to unusual conditions of life. It may be that individually acquired modifications hammered on each successive generation of seaweeds on the rising shore, but never taking hereditary grip (for that would be Lamarckism!), served as life-saving screens until germinal variations in the same direction had time to establish themselves as appropriate somatic adaptations.

The migration theory of the origin of land-plants, with which we started, is not an easy theory. Fresh-water algæ are rather of the nature of 'depauperated relics.' 'To pass from the sea to fresh water implies starvation and deterioration of the output of reproductive cells, and hence failure to compensate the wastage of the race, and extinction.' Perhaps this smacks a little of *ex parte* judgment, but there is the further difficulty of thinking of simple imigrants from pond and swamp beginning *de novo* the elaboration of structural equipments which many of the seaweeds had already achieved. In

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place of this theory Dr. Church offers us 'the epic of the stupendous epoch of a world-transmigration.' 'The cells and somatic organization of all land-plants, as also all their reproductive cycles and mechanism, are but the continuation of the mechanisms evolved in the sea, to suit the conditions of life in the sea, as the best response possible under such conditions; and though the mechanism may be emended, modified, or superseded in innumerable details, the primary plan of the architecture and the entire range of general principles of organization remain essentially marine.'

Such a view is in harmony with what we learn so often in the study of animal evolution, that apparent novelties are only very old structures transformed. New lamps out of old has been one of the great methods of evolution. And as to the maternal sea, why, its tides still echo in the chemical composition of our blood!

## SONNET

BY ROY MELDRUM

[*The Nation*]

HERE are the woods, in whose soft echoing trees
The birds sing sweeter; here the rounded hill
Where sunning in the wild flowers merry bees
Pack full their wallet for the fragrant still.
Here, as I lie and down the valley gaze,
Seven spires across the dappled fields peep out,
Chaste with a medley of serener days,
And with their lingering incense girt about.
Like as a spirit pensive on the air
Makes poetry spring immortal, so thy love
Exhales a beauty fair as earth is fair,
And yet in element the earth above.
Lips, eyes, and all love's instruments soon perish;
But what thy love is, earth and heaven cherish.

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# THE IMITATION OF NATURE

BY CHARLES MARRIOTT

From *The Outlook, April* 23
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

Not long ago a well-known sculptor of animals, protesting against what he regarded as willful eccentricity, said that the only safe course for the artist was the imitation of Nature. In violation of this precept he then proceeded to copy in bronze the forms which Nature produces in bone and muscle. He forgot that one of Nature's first principles is to adapt her forms to the substance they are made in; and that if you would imitate Nature, except as the Indian tailor copied the patch on the trousers, you must do the same. This little story is only to illustrate the futility of catch-phrases. Sir Joshua Reynolds said pithily all that need be said about the sane imitation of Nature, and what he did n't say Herbert Spencer said laboriously when he pointed out that if you cut locks of hair in marble 'to get anything like a true effect, the elevations and depressions in the marble must be far less than they are in fact.'

The limitation of Nature allows — nay, compels — considerable latitude but there are limits. As Reynolds pointed out, they are determined by the nature of the human mind. That is where some artists slip up. Some artists are deficient in natural feeling. By natural feeling I do not mean what is called sentiment, but the sense of things. The defect is common enough in other walks of life; Swift has a lot to say about it in describing *Laputa;* but it is comparatively rare in art, and that is what, apart from his technical powers, makes Mr. Wyndham Lewis interesting. His 'Tyros,' at the Leicester Galleries, are revelations — about Mr. Wyndham Lewis. When you see them you say, 'Hallo!' as when a man says or does something which, without his knowing it, betrays him as the victim of some rare but recognized complaint. These 'Tyros' of Mr. Lewis are said by him to be satirical. Except the one of himself, they all represent the same type of person; a type resembling Mr. Woodrow Wilson. Now, the curious thing is that the temperamental defect generally attributed to that eminent man is the same as that which one feels in the artist. I can best describe it as a lack of the sense of form. Mr. Lewis has a keen intellectual appreciation of form; he can reason it out, as the *Laputan* with the sextant reasoned out the suit of clothes; but he does not feel it in his bones. In his imitation of Nature he is, in fact, at the opposite extreme to the Indian tailor who copied the patch on the trousers. Being calculated, and not felt, his 'Tyros' fail to be satirical. As regards the subjects, they are not cruel, but they are intensely cruel to Mr. Lewis in what they reveal.

This lack of sensibility — to give it the correct old-fashioned name, which includes, of course, the perverted sensibility of Swift — is not so evident in the portrait drawings by Mr. Lewis; which leads one to suppose that his real difficulty is with the medium. His drawings are still on the reasoned or calculated side, but he can, apparently,



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feel form in pencil as he cannot feel it in paint: 'April Appearance,' for example. It may be that his artistic impulse, as distinct from his reason, is strong enough to carry him through the slighter medium, but not through the heavier. But, whatever his case, it is extremely interesting as the appearance in art of mental peculiarities which one associates rather with the law or with German professors in the comic papers.

Granting a sense of form, or sensibility to it, the imitation of Nature may be as elastic as you please; and the exhibitions of the moment show how elastic it is. The only valid restrictions seem to be the nature of the human mind and the nature of the stuff the imitation is done with. Also, it would appear that you must n't mix up one sort of imitation with another. There is a pretty little illustration of this at the exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street. On the first wall of the big room there is a group of works done in flat, decorative color, rather in the style of posters. Or, to be precise, two of them, 'The Tiger Chair,' by Mr. Horace Taylor, and 'Sunshine,' by Mr. F. Gregory Brown, are so done. You may like them or not, but they are consistent with themselves. The imitation of Nature, of a young woman in an arm-chair in one case and a landscape in the other, is fairly close; but the point is that the distance from Nature is the same in both drawing and color. The inflections of the drawing and the gradations of the color are simplified to about the same degree, and the result is satisfactory. But the two works by Mr. Cyril Saunders Spackman, on the same wall, are not consistent with themselves. The drawing in them is nearer to Nature than the color, and there are more gradations in the latter than its intrinsic brightness allows with comfort. Lest you should think that I am prejudiced in favor of the poster style, I am inclined to think that the best picture in the gallery is a quiet little landscape, 'The Chapel on St. Ives Bridge,' by Mr. Charles Ince. Here, again, you have consistency, in a much closer imitation of Nature than the poster style allows with propriety, but well within the capacity of paint.

Comparison of this picture with 'The Tiger Chair' and 'Sunshine' brings out another cause of satisfaction. The two named are frankly painted for exhibition, and they hold their own as intended; while 'The Chapel' is obviously painted without any regard to exhibition. Both ways have their advantages. On the other hand, if you examine the cause of your dissatisfaction with most of the pictures in the gallery, I think you will find that it is because they fall between two stools; either between two sorts of imitation of Nature, two conventions as they call it, or between the public and the private appeal of pictures. Their merits of execution may be considerable, but they are conflicting in kind. Your dissatisfaction is only natural. Both public and private speaking are tolerable, but a mixture of the two is the Club bore.

A still more delicate degree in the imitation of Nature may be observed at the exhibition of drawings by Mr. Muirhead Bone and Mr. D. S. MacColl at Messrs. Colnaghi's. It is obvious that the imitation of Nature is closer in the work of Mr. Bone than in that of Mr. MacColl. Both use pencil and wash; and, allowing for other differences, I think that the difference in degree of imitation is largely determined by the fact that Mr. Bone is more sympathetic to the pencil and Mr. MacColl to the wash. That is to say, each artist instinctively adopts the degree of imitation most proper to his leading sympathy, although it is true that Mr. MacColl has made several drawings in pencil alone.

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# LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

## AN HILARIOUS ENGLISH DICTIONARY

An eminent English philologist has recently taken not one, but literally several leaves from Dr. Johnson's book. Professor Ernest Weekley has deliberately written an amusing — not to say hilarious — dictionary, although there is as little question about the lexicographer's scientific attainments as there is about his sense of humor. The new dictionary devotes itself mainly to modern English, and it is especially rich in contemporary slang and the host of new, or apparently new, words which came into use during the war.

'It has always seemed to the compiler that a dictionary without quotations is too unrelieved in its austerity,' Professor Weekley remarks in his introduction. Unrelieved austerity, however, is the very last accusation that his most severe critics bring against Professor Weekley, whose array of illustrations ranges from the Venerable Bede to H. G. Wells, and includes pretty nearly everybody in between. Mr. J. C. Squire remarks that it is 'a book, even, which one might without brutality leave lying about in one's visitors' bed-rooms.' High praise for a dictionary!

Dr. Johnson's famous work very often derives its amusing qualities from the pugnacious note in some of its definitions. Professor Weekley's is amusing because of the quotations, a good many of which are from current newspapers. Under 'Nietzscheism' he quotes from a monthly paper some extremely uncomplimentary remarks, of which he is himself the subject, and as an illustration of the word 'monger' he cites:

'Professor Weekley is well known to our readers as the most entertaining of living word-mongers. — (*Daily News, November* 8, 1916.)'

Professor Weekley more than lives up to the reputation which the *Daily News* gives him. He illustrates the word 'value' by two quotations which together make a very pungent paragraph:

'We apologize to Mr. Wells for using the word "values" since he dislikes it. — (*Times Literary supplement, June* 5, 1919.)'

'The hooligan sees none of the values of the stranger. — (H. G. Wells, *Observer, January* 18, 1920.)'

He employs the one passage in English literature best suited for his purpose when he quotes Pooh-Bah's famous remark as an example of the use of 'verisimilitude,' — 'Corroborative detail intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative.'

Professor Weekley illustrates 'mixed metaphor' with two surprising examples from very august sources, indeed. The *Fortnightly Review* (*July*, 1919) is detected *in flagrante delictu*, thus: 'In 1914 our old, regular army, crossed swords with a great numerical superiority of the cream of the German host at concert pitch and undamaged by war.' *The Times* illustrates both the mixing of metaphors and the colloquial use of 'A. 1' with the phrase (which ought to be famous), 'A proper A. 1 copper-bottom lie.'

Of another well-known phrase he observes: 'Mod. "To get it in the neck" appears to allude to "where the chicken got the axe." A further playful variation is "where Maggie wore the beads."'

*Punch* greets Professor Weekley in verse:



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## THE MERRY LEXICOGRAPHER

(*Lines inspired by* PROFESSOR ERNEST WEEKLEY'S *Etymological Dictionary of Modern English*)

THE 'lexicographer's a drudge —
A harmless drudge,' wrote JOHNSON bleakly;
Yet, *pace* JOHNSON, this is fudge
When tested by the work of WEEKLEY.

Though *Becky Sharp* could not endure
The gift of JOHNSON'S volumes meekly,
She would have welcomed, I am sure,
The learnéd levity of WEEKLEY.

He always wears a jocund guise;
He never compromises sleekly;
He 's witty and he's also wise;
He argues strongly though he's
WEEKLEY.

Rich in precise linguistic lore,
He's rich, he's positively treacly
In the new coinages of War —
Is our alert omniscient WEEKLEY.

So, whether you affect the high
Falutin' style or chatter *chic*-ly,
In either case you can rely
Securely on the aid of WEEKLEY.

In fine, these humble rhymes to close,
His dictionary quite uniquely
The paramount 'importance' shows,
And proves, 'of being ERNEST' —
WEEKLEY.

*

## SARAH BERNHARDT IN LONDON

A BURST of applause lasting until she herself brought it to a close, greeted Madame Sarah Bernhardt on her reappearance at the Prince's Theatre, London, in the title rôle of *Daniel*, a play by her grandson, Louis Verneuil. The house was divided between young enthusiasts and those who had known the great actress when she was at her best. After the final curtain, the cheers continued, interspersed with demands for a speech, until it was announced that Madame Bernhardt, tired out, had left the theatre.

The play is a skillful bit of adaptation to the failing physical powers of the great actress, who is now seventy-six. The Bernhardt, as Daniel Arnault, impersonates a bizarre young poet, an invalid who may die at any moment and who is not allowed to leave his chair. He receives visits one after another from Maurice Grainger, his closest friend, who entrusts him with a letter from a lady with whose husband he is to fight a duel; from his own brother, to whom he is devotedly attached, and whom he suddenly learns to be the husband; and from the wife, for whom Daniel has long cherished a passionate, though innocent love. To prevent the duel, Daniel falsely declares himself to be the lover, offering in proof the letter which has been entrusted to him, — and then dies.

Although Madame Bernhardt sits immovable through the four acts of the play, while the action sweeps over and around her, she is the central, dominant figure. The character of Daniel Arnault, the neurotic young poet who dreams himself to death over his poetry, and the hopeless passion that he cherishes, gives her opportunity to display the extraordinary range of her acting — from a tenderness that avoids sentimentality, to a grimness that is never grotesque. The beautiful tone, which was one of the great charms of her voice, is gone, but there remains the old characteristic delivery, the sharp clarity with which she hammers out her syllables.

In Daniel's death she displayed much of the old power. So vivid and realistic was Madame Bernhardt in earlier days, when she was at her best in such scenes, that during her only appearance before Abdul Hamid, in his private theatre at Constantinople, the terrified Sultan left his seat, declaring that he hoped never again to see an actress who imitated death with such overpowering realism.

*Daniel* will necessitate a revision of the estimates made some years ago by

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one of the divine Sarah's devotees with a statistical turn of mind, who calculated that Madame Bernhardt had died by poison ten thousand times, by revolver shots five thousand times, and by leaping into the Seine, over seven thousand times.

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### EXILED RUSSIAN ART

Russian artist refugees are arriving in London in such numbers that a 'Russian Association of Representatives of Art and Literature' has been formed, with headquarters at the Russian Embassy. Russian actors, singers, dancers, and painters are compelled to leave their own country, not always because of politics, but because they cannot find a livelihood on the stage at home. Although the Bolsheviki have kept some theatres running, the number is apparently not sufficient to provide for all the artists of the old *régime*. One actress is reported to have been compelled by hunger to make sweets and sell them on the streets of London.

Dancers and singers have been able to find opportunities in English ballets and theatres, but the inability of the actors to speak English is a permanent bar. With the coöperation of Tamara Karsavina, Lydia Yavorska, and Vladimir Rosing, a series of plays, pantomimes, and dances are to be staged, to give occupation to the impoverished artists and raise money for them at the same time. Sir James Barrie and Sir Arthur Wing Pinero have lent their names, as patrons, to the Association.

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### THE INDUSTRIOUS MR. WELLS

Not content with the work of revising and amplifying his *Outline of History*, which is presently to be republished in a special American edition, Mr. Wells is engaged on an addition to his long list of novels. The new book is to be called *Secret Places of the Heart*, and may be finished in time for autumn publication. The story is said to be highly analytical and dependent for its interest upon the author's treatment of his subject, rather than upon the plot itself, something of a departure in Mr. Wells's methods.

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### THE CONVERSATION OF MONKEYS

An incident which apparently corroborates the contention of the American zoölogist, Dr. Richard L. Garner, that the higher monkeys possess a limited vocabulary, is reported to have taken place near Calcutta. Two Englishmen killed a female jet-faced monkey of the species called *langoors*, and took her little one to their bungalow. The next morning the hunters found their dwelling surrounded by fifty or sixty monkeys, which presently went away, but returned for three successive days, always visiting and caring for the little captive, and driving the servants away from him.

Finally, an old male approached the little monkey and endeavored to release him, but was driven away with shots. After his fourth repulse, the simian knight-errant was received with an outburst of cries and gesticulations. One of the Englishmen thus describes the incident:

'The small band of female monkeys to which allusion has been made swore at the old fellow and gesticulated wildly at him, while he began to grin and wave his arms about as though to compose their anger and beseech their consideration. Whether what was said to the old fellow was a volley of abuse or a shower of encouraging words, or both alternating, I cannot say, but a few seconds afterwards, seeing he did not return to the charge, he was suddenly taken hold of by the stout old ladies and beaten mercilessly. It was a merry sight, and

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he had our sympathy, for he alone knew what it was to have four revolver bullets whizz past his ears. The belaboring seemed to give him fresh courage, as he returned for a fifth time to finish his work. We fired again, and he retired, this time never more to return, for the enraged dames caught him once more, and after beating him soundly chased him out of the colony altogether.

Deciding that the persevering devotion of the monkey's ought to have its reward, the captors carried the little *langoor* out to the band, which ceased chattering immediately and allowed him to approach. A female took the captive from his owner's arms, and handing her own young one to a neighbor, proceeded to care for him tenderly.'

*

### A FRENCH POET IN AMERICA

AMERICA, which since the War has been deluged with English minor poets and literary men of greater distinction, is to receive a visit from an eminent contemporary poet of France, M. Paul Fort, the author of *Ballades Françaises*. However, it is to South America, where his work is better known than in the United States, that M. Fort is going first, even though it is probable that his tour in the Latin republics will probably be followed by a visit to the United States. In Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile he will lecture on a variety of subjects, some literary and some quite otherwise. His poems are to be recited by Germaine d'Orfer. M. Fort's visit to the United States will probably coincide with the appearance of an English translation of his works.

### MR. WILLIAM ARCHER ON BROADWAY

IN an interview which he granted to a reporter of the London *Observer* soon after his return from the United States, Mr. William Archer, the veteran English critic whose first play, *The Green Goddess*, is now playing in this country, said that he found theatrical life much more intense in New York than in London. Pointing out that there are more theatres in New York than in London, he explained that, in spite of this fact, tickets are much easier to get in the English capital. He found a great variety of plays in the United States and regarded American managers as very hospitable to foreign work.

Mr. Archer is particularly enthusiastic over what he terms the 'side-show theatres,' to which he credits the success of Eugene O'Neill, 'a man of real originality, whose most notable work, I think, is *Beyond the Horizon*.'

'As far as one can see,' says Mr. Archer, 'there is every probability of a great advance in the American drama, and it will certainly be helped by the careful study which is being given to its theory and practice in the leading American universities,—Harvard, Yale, and Columbia.

'Here again, America is greatly in advance of this country, for the only recognition which has been given to the living drama by any English university, is the recent appointment of Mr. Granville Barker as lecturer at Liverpool. At Harvard, Professor G. P. Baker has a regular theatrical workshop, where scenery is designed and every detail of production is carefully studied.'

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## MIDNIGHT ON BROADWAY

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

[*The London Mercury*]

UNDER the cold, brown canopy of heaven
Huge winking signs, unflickering gold façades,
Relentlessly proclaim the cheap-jack fame
Of Movie Stars and Chewing Gum and Tyres.

The heaped snow has an artificial look
As if impersonating sifted sugar.
Along the melting side-walks, blurred and trodden,
It clogs the feet of jostling crowds that shuffle
Through Broadway slush with faces greenish-pale,
Each face in spot-light of magnesium noon.

The doors of Drama swallow and disgorge them:
In soda-bars they sup; to-night's the night!
And Time, dissolved from frozen floating lumps
To multicolored spoonfuls of ice-cream,
Fades on the incandescence of their breath,
Whose jazz of glory is a dance of death.

. . . . . .

But *Wrigley's Gum*, flanked by cascading peacocks,
Mints the one dream, 'to chew or not to chew.'
If that's the question, you can solve it quick:
Ten cents and your saliva do the trick!

## THE COMING OF MAY

BY MARGARET M. REDFORD

[*The Cambridge Magazine*]

Now like a well-sprung ice-ship bounds the world,
Buoyant through crushing mounds of frozen cloud,
To blue May waters, — now the captain looks
With calmed eye to the landfall; not so loud
The ice-saw now, nor paddle wheel.
The men on their hardened cheeks the land breeze feel;
Above the quay, blue hills, —
On the crescent green, daffodils.

## THE MOTHERS

BY EDWARD DAVISON

[*The Outlook*]

THE long unhappy night is done
And God's Belovèd sleeping now
Forgets, since she has borne a son,
The pain that marks her patient brow;
And her dark curtains downward drawn
Refuse the peering eye of dawn.

But even now in this sad town,
And far more fearful than the night,
Dawn through the window trembles down
On some pale sister-mother's sight,
Who with a weaker arm has prest
Her new-born dead against her breast.

## EPIGRAM

[*The Cambridge Review*]

SOME balance Nature tries to hit;
She gives self-torture to the poet.
If you lack breeding, depth or wit,
She takes good care you never know it.



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